The English Review

Volume LXIV, Number 5 *May* 1937

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The English Review

29th Year of Publication

CURRENT COMMENTS

By Derek Walker-Smith

May, 1937

The Purpose of Pageantry

A LONG preparation for the Coronation reaches its fulfilment on the 12th of this month. In spite of all that has happened it will be evidence to the world that the principle of monarchy is as deeply rooted in the acceptance of this country as ever it was. There are some who think that in the present age the Coronation of a King should be a less elaborate and less formidable undertaking. It would, however, be wrong to welcome any break with tradition in a ceremony which symbolizes the historic and spiritual continuity of the British people. Nor would it be desirable to deny to the people the pageantry of the occasion. As a nation we have the reputation of taking our pleasures sadly; and it has always been a matter for comment how few feast days and holidays there are in this country. It is all the more gratifying on that account that the Coronation will infuse an element of pageantry. Pageantry, which used to be associated with the pomp of power, has in the twentieth century changed its significance. Whereas it used to be the measure of the distance that lay between the ruler and his subject, it is now a vivid reminder of the close interdependence of ruler and people and the common responsibility of both to the tradition which has produced their relationship and the common purpose which inspires it.

Imperial Unity

THE Coronation of a British monarch in this country is symbolic not only of the continued strength of the monarchical principle, but also of the enduring strength of the imperial idea. The King of England is now not only the ruler of an island domain; and his Coronation has been adapted to give effect to his wide imperial responsibilities across the seas. It is a healthy and reassuring aspect of imperial relations that those crises which to outside observers spelt the break-up of the Empire, are found in practice to bind it with a closer cement. So it was with the war of 1914, and so again it was with the abdication of 1936. The crisis which preceded the present crowning showed not only that kingship is not a matter for decision by Great Britain alone, but also that the conception of fundamental principles was universal throughout the British Commonwealth. The sense of this universality is pointed and enhanced at the present moment by the great number of welcome visitors in this country from overseas. The problems of extended Empire can never be simple; and recent articles in the ENGLISH REVIEW have been designed to shed light on the particular problems of the particular parts of the Empire. The solution of all those problems will be the easier by virtue of the kingship and common purpose which the Coronation of a common ruler will demonstrate.

Sincerity and Service

BUT on no account is it right to take a short view of the Coronation or to attach to it only a temporary or ceremonial significance. It must be remembered that though there was a time when an English King needed no thanks for assuming the crown, we owe now to the new King and Queen extraordinary service to mark the sincerity of our gratitude. After the relief which the King has brought to his people by the very act of his accession it would be an ungrateful and unwise people which thought its allegiance fulfilled when it had enjoyed the pageantry, sung "God Save the King," and gone home. "Majesty," wrote Bolingbroke, "is not an inherent but a reflected

light." The celebrations therefore should not be a mere extravagance leading to nothing, but a stimulant to the recovery of national and imperial values. Were it otherwise it would be fatal to Sovereign and people as well. No more gloomy task can be imagined than that of kingship of a people forgetful of their national values and unity. Such a condition of affairs would be the modern equivalent of King Charles's complaint in the "Eikon Basilike": "But to bind myself to a general and implicit consent to whatever they shall desire or propound were such a latitude of blind obedience as never was expected from any free man, nor fit to be required of any man, much less of a king by his own subjects; any of whom he may possibly exceed as much in wisdom as he doth in place and power."

A Front against Faction

SUCH possible lack of proper comprehension of the significance of the Coronation is a danger to be guarded against. There can be no doubt that the instinct and sentiment for monarchy remain as strong as ever. What is needed, and what is less apparent, is a strong leadership to stimulate and harness that instinct so as to form a common front against the forces of disintegration and defeatism. A free nation requires a spirit and a spine as well as a head. It is time to increase the support, not the burden, of the crown. On his way to the Abbey the King will pass the statue of his royal ancestor who warned his people that "faction will at length like a spreading leprosy infect the whole body of the kingdom, and make it so odious that at last they will hate themselves for love of death."

Danger in India

IT would be gratifying to be able to state that there were no signs of faction or of danger at the new King's Coronation. But unfortunately this would not be entirely true. The world does not stand still even for the crowning of an English King. As regards imperial relations as a whole we are justified in taking a confident view both in

respect of the self-governing dominions and the colonies. But with regard to India, once "the brightest jewel in the British crown," optimism would seem at least incautious, for the present situation, fraught as it is with very real peril, recalls the warnings given before the passage into law of the India Bill some years ago. It was said then that the inevitable result of elections held amongst a semi-literate population would be the return to power of the Congress Party, which would refuse to work the Constitution, and that the Congress Party itself would move along the road to Communism. Such in fact is what is happening in India to-day. The effective leadership of the Congress Party has really passed out of the hands of visionary Indian nationalists like Mr. Gandhi into the stronger grasp of the disciples of international revolution. Mr. Nehru himself is a graduate of that Communist University of Tashkent, situated near the borders of Afghanistan, which is at once a training ground and clearing-house for the export of Communist agitators into India. While the internal situation gets worse the tribes on the frontier, not far from the University of Tashkent, are engaged in vigorous combat with our forces. The British public, for some inscrutable reason of its own, never seems to pay very much attention to frontier fighting, on which the future of our position in India may depend. But the seriousness of the position can be gauged from the fact that 33,000 troops out of a total of 200,000 in the whole of India, have been moved to the frontier at a time when the internal conditions of India are such as to make it obvious that no more troops would be moved than was absolutely and indispensably necessary. There was no provision made for the dispatch of these troops in the Indian Budget, which already has the unexpected occurrence of two major earthquakes to upset its calculations; nor was there provision against such a not improbable contingency in Sir Otto Niemeyer's report on finance under the Constitution. It is presumably of little good now to reopen the controversy on the principles at stake in the India Act. But it would not be out of place to reiterate the demand for a longer view to be taken of the

course of our conduct in India. Against a determined opposition, whose objective is only too clear, a hand-to-mouth policy in India must result in its loss to the forces of anarchy.

Unofficial Strikes

It is not necessary to go as far afield as India to discern symptoms of unquiet. The rearmament programme in this country has been accompanied by an outbreak of strikes of varying magnitude, which have spread beyond those industries engaged in the production, direct or indirect, of armaments. It is a pity that these strikes should be taking place under the critical eyes of visitors from overseas; but it is necessary to appreciate the true significance of these activities. For the most part they are unofficial strikes without the sanction of the Trade Unions. It has been stated in the Press that the Trade Union leaders have only themselves to blame because of their absorption in political rather than industrial matters. This is an unfair reflection upon Trade Union leaders, to the great majority of whom this criticism does not apply. Leaders of the calibre of Mr. Bevin, Sir Walter Citrine and Mr. Hicks, have always shown a proper appreciation for the true interests of their members, which they realize is bound up with the respecting by the Unions of the agreements which they enter into, and the utilization of the machinery provided. Concurrently with this they have used their influence against the Left Wing of the Socialist Party in urging a saner view of our international position and obligations. Those responsible for the strikes, with their contempt for the machinery of conciliation, occupy the same position in industry as bodies like the Socialist League occupy in politics. Such being the case it is greatly to be hoped that this sane Trade Union element will be able to reassert its authority in the realm of industry and put an end to these unofficial strikes, which may imperil both national security and the whole laboriously constructed edifice of co-operation and conciliation between employers and operatives through their unions and federations.

Britain or Spain

THE political elements in the Socialist Party remain as unregenerate as ever. Fresh evidence of their attitude was provided in the debate on Bilbao, when they were overjoyed at the opportunity of winning headlines by discussing Spaniards, at the price of the sacrifice of a day's discussion of the distressed areas. The truth is that political Socialism in this country is dead. There is on the one hand a large moderate Trade Union element, which never gave more than lip-service to Socialism, and whose main preoccupation is the legitimate and praiseworthy desire to further the interests of industry and the standard of life of those engaged in it. On the other hand are the internationalists, anxious to fight the battles of all countries but their own, and panting rather hysterically at various stages on the route to Communism. These people, most of whom have no connection with the working classes beyond the desire to exploit them, and many of whom are English only by virtue of this country's hospitality, are the real danger. But they provide also the best opportunity for a vigorous Right-Wing Party with a real national policy. A Party that can keep its head in the maelstrom of continental complications, and pursue a policy of British interests, concentrating on domestic issues, must by the force of contrast be assured of the support of the mass of the people. So the sooner our politicians stop scratching about in Spain and settle themselves to a job of work in their own country the better it will be for our interests and their credit.

Would Italy Dominate a Right-Wing Spain?

OUR attitude on Spain has never varied. It is British and realist. We are Nationalists before we are political philosophers, and our view of the struggle is governed by consideration for British interests. It is said in many quarters that Franco's victory in Spain will make the Mediterranean an Italian lake and yet further embarrass our position there. So far as this is Left-Wing propaganda, the wish, of course, is father to the thought. But when

this view is reinforced by the great strategical authority of Captain Liddell Hart in his latest book,* it becomes entitled to our attention. That there may be some danger of such a result is clear, and it should not be overlooked. But we do not believe that it is nearly so considerable as has been suggested, for two reasons. The first is the Spanish national character. The Spanish people are national, individual, and proud ; it is unthinkable that such a people would willingly assume for any considerable period the position of client state. It is too often forgotten that the British fought against the French in Spain for far longer than the Italians have been there. Nevertheless in spite of that and of the most brilliant victories won by the British army, Spain did not become a client state of this country. Nor, in spite of our great services and the towering prestige which this country enjoyed at that time, would the Spaniards have permitted such a condition of affairs for a single moment. How much less likely are they to permit it now? The second reason is economic. If General Franco wins he will succeed to a wasted heritage. His main, if not his sole, preoccupation must be the rehabilitation of his shattered country; that, and not Italian predominance, is what he is fighting for. The commodity which he will need for that great task will be more easily come by in London and New York than in Rome or Berlin. This is a simple but decisive point which seems to escape the notice of the alarmists of the Left. But in fact its importance is immense. In politics and in diplomacy it is the executory, not the executed, consideration which is powerful. The new Spain will turn to those who can promote growth rather than to those who accelerated the pangs of labour.

Design and Expansion of Rearmament

With this conclusion of Captain Liddell Hart's, which is really political, we disagree. But we welcome very warmly his book which is packed with strategical wisdom. In his book, as in his article on another page of this issue, Captain Liddell Hart is concerned with the necessity for

* "Europe in Arms," by Liddell Hart. Faber & Faber. 12/6.

learning the lessons of war in peace time rather than postponing the effort until war time, as we did with such doubtful success twenty years ago. It is of course neither possible nor desirable to attempt here to summarize Captain Liddell Hart's argument. But it is permissible to endorse Captain Liddell Hart's theme that in the hurry and scurry of rearmament and expansion, the authorities should not fail to be certain of the ends they have in view. Captain Liddell Hart has put this succinctly when he says " merely to enlarge our building without due attention to new stresses and strains that it may have to bear is a fallacy of jerry-building. It is the condition that should determine the design, and design which should govern expansion."

The Problem of Recruiting

As with problems of material, so with those of men. The problem of recruiting is not merely to enlist as many men as possible. A condition precedent to a satisfactory solution is to know whom you wish to recruit and for what purpose. This must depend to a large extent on whether the Government intend in case of war to send an expeditionary force to the Continent. Captain Liddell Hart thinks such a course inadvisable and develops the case against it, which everybody should read in his book. The Government's policy on this is not clearly defined as yet, however. If it were so we should at least know whether we want a large army, capable of effective intervention on the continent, or a smaller one with mainly imperial duties. It would also be a great encouragement to men to enlist if they had this indication of what would be expected of them. The other contribution which the Government should make to more satisfactory recruiting is an improvement in the conditions of service, which has been long advocated in the ENGLISH REVIEW. At the moment, with the Cardwell system, we have an unsatisfactory compromise between the professional long-service standing army and the short-term conscript system on the continent. A soldier enlists for seven years, and at the conclusion of his service finds too many doors of civil

employment barred against him. It is this, and not any dislike for the conditions of the service itself—though on this certain reforms are also overdue—which has had a deterrent effect upon enlistment. The Cardwell system should not be treated as the ark of the covenant. It would be much more satisfactory to make the Imperial part of the army a real long-term career for all ranks, with adequate pensions or Government employment at the end of it. Collateral with this would be the short-service army for home defence, enlisted for perhaps two years; to these people the army would not be a permanent career, nor would their service be so long as to prevent them from fulfilling conditions of Trade Union membership, or otherwise prejudicing their chances of civil employment. It is unfortunate that radical reorganization, which could have been done in the more leisurely period of the last decade, should have now to be done when there is so much on hand. But no consideration can excuse further delay.

The Future of Fascism

A CERTAIN amount of prominence has been given in the Press to the departure of Mr. Joyce and Mr. Becket from the Fascist Party. It is impossible for those who are not in the Fascist Party to know precisely the nature or duration of the events which led up to their severance from the Party. It appears to be, however, a general characteristic of Fascist Parties in their earlier stages to exhibit some fissiparous tendencies of this sort. Mr. Joyce and Mr. Becket have been instrumental in founding a new party, known as the National Socialist League; but Sir Oswald's Party appears to attach little importance to it. In policy there is not much between the two parties, and it is probable that only one can survive. It is unlikely that this will be the National Socialist League, which has the disadvantage of being a new movement; in addition, it has started with the initial mistake of giving leadership to a duumvirate. No movement can afford a divided leadership. It is at any rate unlikely that there is room for two Fascist parties in England. We take the view that if a

vigorous national and popular policy is pursued by the Conservative party there should be no need for Fascism as such in this country at all. The English are a conservative people, and they will only accept Sir Oswald or any other Fascist leader, if salvation cannot be achieved along more traditional and conservative lines. It is for that reason that the future of Fascism in this country must be largely dependent on the future of the older party of the Right; and many more readjustments might have to be made before such a party and such a contingency became qualified for power. Meanwhile, the initiative is still with the Conservative Party, and its supporters will not waver so long as the initiative is taken with vigour and direction.

The Budget

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S sixth and last Budget contained only one fiscal surprise, the revival of Excess Profit Duty.

The political purpose behind this mode of raising £20,000,000 to £25,000,000 on a full year is obvious. It is a reassurance to the ordinary voter that there is to be no "profiteering." Whether a general tax on industrial enterprize and energy can be commended because it provides such reassurance is an open question. The Chancellor says that the impost is a specific rearmament measure and a temporary one, but we all recall what happened to the wartime "E.P.D." It lingered long after its original purpose was served.

If we were a nation of pure patriots, such a tax as the new E.P.D. would be reliable. As things are, it is more than likely that many firms will prefer to avoid showing profit to making payments to the Treasury. No doubt entertainment allowances to directors and senior members of staffs will grow suddenly to the limit that any inspector of taxes will permit.

The 3d. on income tax was expected. If direct taxation had to bear the whole burden of increase, a 6d. increase here might, perhaps, have been preferable to the new burden on business profits. The second 3d. would have

meant some £16,000,000 and surtax could have found the rest.

It is, however, ungracious to cavil at a Chancellor who at the start of a rearming programme which has to make up for fifteen years' neglect imposes nothing worse than the two calls upon us with which he is satisfied.

One reflex of the Budget clamours for comment. The stock market completely lost its head, marked values down heavily and talked of E.P.D. taking not £25,000,000 but £250,000,000.

No better—or worse—symptom of the artificial state of markets has been seen. With such fluctuations in values possible it is not difficult to realize how valuable an attack on the bourse as the weakest part of private enterprize is found to be by the Socialists.

Agricultural Notes

By Rusticus

THE farm has seldom been so busy as in the last two weeks. The continuous rain stopped on Good Friday and although we have had local showers since, we have at last got to work with the plough and harrows. As I write we are just ploughing a field of rape that the sheep fed off before the New Year, and which has lain sodden and untouched in the meantime. However, it is surprising how well the land has handled in the circumstances. A friend from Kent told me at the end of a week in which I had been able to drill eighteen acres of wheat, that he had not been near his land. I always think it is one of the compensations of the chalk and limestone that if farming is a little like growing mustard and cress on a piece of flannel, one can always get on with the job, whereas in a clay district you may even miss a season owing to exceptional weather in April. There will be acres of potatoes and sugar-beet not sown this year but, fortunately, outside the garden I am not concerned with either crop. I am very glad, too, that for the first time for many years, I have no autumn-sown corn. Several of my neighbours, even on the high ground, have had to plough up their early sowings and there must be acres of winter wheat and oats rotten with flood-water in different parts of the country.

There is going to be a contracted acreage under cash crops this year, whatever the summer brings forth. This is going to swell the prevailing shortage and maintain recent prices. Feeding stuffs, however, are likely to follow suit. I am sure that farmers should continue to study the question of self-sufficiency, and I am putting in as much oats and barley as possible, and not relying more than I can help on the attractive price of wheat to adjust the bank balance.

* * *

The most serious catastrophe of recent years has been the Fen floods. The circumstances were exceptional, and while there is probably no suggestion of negligence by anybody in a legal sense, I cannot help feeling that a case

of political negligence can be made against the Government. Failure to drain, like a failure to cultivate, is the worst stigma that can mark a country. To that extent it is the whole country's concern. The fact that in this vaunted age of science acres of our best land were inundated is a national disgrace. There is no doubt that the drainage system of the Ouse could be so reorganized as to withstand the worst contingency. Furthermore, there is the uneasy feeling that if the Fens were a pleasure park or a municipal bathing beach instead of the nation's wheat ground, the work would be done. However, the production of wealth to-day is not regarded as so important as its dissipation.

The problem of the Fens is really without a parallel. Tide and flood combine in the most awkward circumstances, and a high wind as far north as the Pentland Firth can swell the tides down the East Coast of Great Britain to an extent that makes it impossible to evacuate flood-water into the Wash. The ingenious system by which Vermuyden, the Dutch engineer, overcame the general difficulty in the reign of Charles I remains good in principle, but circumstances have changed. A good deal of silt can accumulate in an artificially maintained water system in two and a half centuries. There is no doubt that a new system could be devised if the money was forthcoming, and that any plans for the future should comprise some extensive reclamation of land in the Wash. This point was made quite clearly by Dr. J. F. Shoenfeld, Director-General of Inland Waterways of the Netherlands, and Director of Navigation of the Rhine, whom the *Daily Telegraph* invited to report on the flooded area, but the reclamation of suitable land has long been a plea of the ENGLISH REVIEW.

It would amount to an economic revolution for the Government to borrow money against a living asset as opposed to the figment of legal "security." It would be a unique opportunity also of solving a large part of the unemployment problem if our legislators had the courage to do such a work without machinery and without a time limit. Time and money are an industrialist's fetish, and do not naturally exist in the landowner's or the craftsman's

philosophy. Moreover, as the Government increased gradually its holding of arable land, even the Board of Trade might change in its attitude towards primary production. The chance here, as in all things in modern politics, is for the Minister of Agriculture to take. An economic system based on reality must have its roots in the soil, and new soil would be at least an earnest to bind the new determination for the future.

* * *

The Early Market Produce Show organized by the Royal Horticultural Society was a fine demonstration of the pre-eminence of British-grown flowers and vegetables. Produce that a few years ago was heaped on to the market ungraded is to-day carefully packed, and the general sample is not far below that seen at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall on April 15th. Particularly fine was the exhibit put up by Mr. Secrett for the Surrey branch of the National Farmers' Union. Of course, this was not a bona fide farmer's exhibit, as Mr. Secrett is the most accomplished market gardener of our time. The choice green vegetables were hardly the sort that could have been fed off had they failed to find a market, as is the practice now among so many farmers, especially in Norfolk. Capt. Wilson, from Lincolnshire, entered the field of exhibitors this year, and I was assured that his display was the result of his avowed policy of avoiding artificial fertilizers. An interesting item of the main exhibit was a display of Bramley's Seedling apples which had been gas-stored. It seems that nowadays we can spread our fruit right over the year, although I am told that fruit stored in this way decays very quickly when it is finally exposed to natural conditions. The flowers, too—daffodils, carnations, and even sweet peas—in their market packs were of unusual interest. There is no doubt that, in this sphere of agriculture at least, our own countryside commands the home market. This point was well stressed by Lord Feversham, who was the guest of the Royal Horticultural Society at a luncheon on this occasion.

* * *

Among the trials in my part of the world that sometimes have their compensations are a quantity of wild fallow deer. They do an immense amount of damage to young trees and crops, and from time to time a serious onslaught has to be made. Recently my keeper has been most successful at capturing these elusive beasts. It is surprising how much good eating is obtainable by making use of the traditional methods of dealing with the more perishable parts of the animal. One gets an idea of how big a prize to our ancestors in another age must have been the deer of the forest. Such luxuries as tongue, liver, sweetbreads, brains, chaldron, heart, and melt, with their appropriate herbal embellishments provide a week or so's high feasting before a well-hung haunch is ready. To-day only the very rich and the harassed countryman can enjoy the high standard of life that was the prerogative of most Englishmen before Free Trade and Industrialism brought the lure of exotic foods and at the same time destroyed the skill and the energy to serve food in any form. Only a few weeks ago someone in the village was bemoaning the fact that his wife had to go to town to procure with difficulty such luxuries as black-pudding, chitterlings, faggots, trotters, tripe and other of the delicacies that gentility would banish from our boards. However, some of the perquisites of the countryside still remain with us, and these are the things that give life its variety and expectation.

* * *

Despite the impolite things that people say in conversation about our climate, it really has no rival. The grass is growing again, and even after last summer I have more hay left over than has been the case for the last three years. Total failures are very rare in British farming.

Future Warfare

By Liddell Hart

[*Capt. Liddell Hart's article on Future Warfare is the fourth of the* ENGLISH REVIEW *series on strategical and Service problems. Next month Dr. Cloudesley Brereton will discuss the question of food supplies in time of war.*—EDITOR.]

THE director of Germany's military effort in the last war, General Ludendorff, has recently set forth his ideas on future warfare, and his creed of national life in preparation for it. He seeks to expound the doctrine of "totalitarian warfare" which should be the natural accompaniment of the Totalitarian State. Addressed to his countrymen, his message deserves attention by other peoples. It also requires examination by scientific students of war.

He opens with a heavy attack on the theories of Clausewitz which, as he emphasizes, were the foundation on which the German plans in 1914 had been built. Clausewitz, who had died nearly a century before, moulded the minds of the leading soldiers and statesmen, not only in Germany but throughout Europe, during the generations which led up to the World War. Since then his theories have suffered some searching criticism, especially from Anglo-Saxon analysts, for their tendency to make policy the servant of strategy, and strategy little more than a straight lane to battle. The theoretical extravagance of Clausewitz's idea of "absolute war"—"violence pushed to its utmost bounds"—was contrary to common sense. To use force without limit, and without calculation of cost, may be instinctive in a hate-maddened mob, but it is the negation of statesmanship. Germany's exhaustion in 1918 was the natural consequence of this delusion. The conductors of her war-machine, less wise than Bismarck, did not know when to stop; they went on until they tumbled into the abyss.

Although cause and effect here seem so clear, Ludendorff is still unable to see it. Through his coloured glasses the fault of Clausewitz's teaching is not that it lent itself to

such extremes, but that it did not go far enough. It allowed policy too much importance, not too little. As typical of Clausewitz he cites a passage concluding—" The political goal is the *end*, and warfare is a means leading to it, and means can never be thought of without a certain end." To Ludendorff this is old-fashioned nonsense. The totalitarian principle demands that in war a nation should place everything in its service; and, in peace, at the service of the next war. War is the highest expression of the national "will to live," and politics must therefore be subservient to the conduct of war.

It becomes clear that the main difference between Clausewitz and his successor is that the latter achieves what seemed unthinkable to the former, and "thinks" of war as a means without an end—unless making the nation into an efficient army be considered an end in itself. This is hardly so new as Ludendorff appears to imagine. Sparta tried it, and the end of her existence lies two thousand years back.

With the aim of developing the nation for war, of creating a super-Sparta, Ludendorff's first concern is to ensure " the psychical unity of the people." For him " The Christian faith, and the life shaped by it, are the prime causes of a national breakdown in the totalitarian war." This faith must be replaced by one " built on racial convictions, where life is rooted in an affined knowledge of God peculiar to itself ": to put it in simpler words—a belief in a purely German God. From this will spring a healthy nationalism in which all women will accept that their noblest task is to bear vigorous sons to " bear the burden of the totalitarian war," and all men will develop their powers for that purpose: in short—to breed, and be bred, for killing. The other positive suggestions which Ludendorff offers towards this problem of creating psychical unity boil down to little more than the age-old prescription of suppressing every one who expresses, or even entertains, views contrary to those of the High Command.

The next need insisted on is for a sound and self-sufficient national economic system suited to the demands of totalitarian war. Ludendorff thus seems to realize that

military power rests on an economic foundation. Yet, curiously, when he dwells on the crippling difficulties suffered in the last war, and gives striking evidence of the effect of the Allied blockade, he does not see how this reflects on his belief that wars are decided by battle between the armies. For the only point of praise which he can give Germany's old guide in war is that "Clausewitz only thinks of the annihilation of the hostile armies in battle." To Ludendorff this remains "an immutable principle," although it is a theory which has rarely been borne out in practice during the century since Clausewitz died. Happily for Ludendorff, he is not troubled by historical facts when they present obstacles to his faith.

Let us now study his picture of the way that the totalitarian war will be waged. It should open without a declaration of war, lest the people of the nation which declares war should feel any guilty sense of being the aggressors. Within a few hours of the decision to make war, air, land and sea striking forces must reach their full war readiness. The rest of the air force and navy will complete their mobilization by the second day; and the rest of the land forces, a few days later. Hostilities will have already begun with the despatch of the mechanised divisions near the frontier to force an entry into the enemy country. On the seas the surface and submarine attack on the enemy's commerce will coincide with this opening stroke. "The focusing point of the war now lies in sending air formations to gain air superiority over the enemy, to strike at the advance of the enemy's army by rail or otherwise, and also at aerodromes. Air battles will ensue." It may be worth while also to bomb important industrial towns. Within forty-eight hours or less, the navy should sail to seek decisive battle with the foe. The main land advance may begin a little later, because of the masses that will have to be brought up—and these will have to come by rail since motors will be inadequate to carry the numbers. "There is no doubt that by the end of the second week of war operations will be in full progress everywhere." Battle will follow battle till the enemy is finally crushed, or till reserves of men and material run

out. "In the wars waged by continental countries the decision lies on land." The air force must first be used to help in beating the opposing army; only then will the army be able to act "with its air force" against the enemy country in rear.

Land, air and sea action all have in common the fight to bring about a superiority of fire over the enemy. Nevertheless this will not suffice "to bring about the annihilation of the enemy." "The final decision on land will lie in the fight of man against man, tank against man, or tank against tank"—how a tank can destroy a tank, any more than a warship can destroy a warship, except by fire, Ludendorff does not explain. For him, the land battle is still a process in which the infantry is helped forward by artillery, machine-guns, mortar and tank support, until it "overwhelms the enemy in a man-to-man fight." Furthermore, "attack is always the deciding factor in battles." Army battles with army, supported by aircraft; navy battles with navy, supported by aircraft; and "in air battles air squadrons fight one another." All movements should lead to battle; mechanisation simply quickens the rush to battle.

He has no moral objection to striking direct against the enemy people—"the demands of totalitarian warfare . . . will ever ignore the cheap theoretical desire to abolish unrestricted U-boat warfare." And aircraft will now combine with submarines in sinking every vessel which tries to reach the enemy's ports, "even vessels sailing under neutral flags." Likewise on land a time will come "when bombing squadrons must inexorably and without pity be sent against" the people in the enemy country. But on military grounds, which are the ruling considerations, that time should normally be delayed until the battles have been won.

Ludendorff declares that technical means are becoming ever more important, yet clings to the old belief that strength lies in numbers—"it is a fact that victory 'goes to the big battalions.'" Hence, "the totalitarian war demands the incorporation in the army of every man fit to bear arms." He admits that the conditions of war

require the fighting man to be increasingly individualistic, yet assumes that this is compatible with the strictest discipline, and fails to reflect that the Totalitarian State is hardly the soil in which such individualism can flourish. He has a welcome for every new weapon and instrument, but rarely appears to consider how they may affect each other. He conveys no clear picture, and seems to have none himself of the different factors of war in relation to each other.

His message would seem to be—multiply every kind of force as much as you can, and you will get somewhere; but where, he neither worries nor wonders. The one thing on which he is really clear is that "The Commander-in-Chief must lay down his instructions for the political leaders, and the latter must follow and fulfil them in the service of warfare."

What is offered in return for this claim to unlimited power for the military chief, this demand for a blank cheque on the resources of the nation? A faith, certainly —if it requires limitless faith to swallow it. The main articles of Ludendorff's creed might be phrased thus: "I believe in a pure German God, the maker of the German nation in arms; and in the Commander-in-Chief, his only son and representative on earth. I believe in the almighty power of numbers in battle as the means to winning war; in attack as the means of winning battle; and in the hand-to-hand fight as the ultimate means of overcoming the enemy's resistance."

While it is clear that Ludendorff's faith is built on the traditional military theory, despite his sweeping repudiation of the theorists, and that it is essentially derived from the past, it is difficult to find solid support for it, even in past experience. It is easier to find the wars where battle did not prove decisive than where it did. Take the first great war of modern history—the Thirty Years' War. There were many battles in which one army was virtually destroyed, yet none had any decisive influence on the struggles. The mutual exhaustion had such effect, however, and made so deep an impression on military thought that for nearly two centuries the average general was chary of fighting

battles at all, while even the great ones took care only to fight when, by chance or by strategy, the dice were loaded heavily in their favour—when, as Saxe said, there was " all imaginable reason to expect the victory . . . without trusting anything to accident." There was a change when Napoleon came on the scene. A Corsican, not a Frenchman; a supreme careerist, not a true patriot, he was unchecked in pursuing his ambitions by any sense of responsibility for the ultimate welfare of his country as apart from himself. If his dreams were boundless, he took short views, since his horizon was his own life-span. Time was always against him; and he needed quick results. Now, whatever be the difficulties of winning a war by a battle, it is the quickest means—*if* it can be achieved. Hence his predisposition for this means. In adopting it, too, he was helped by new assets. First was the newly introduced organization of the army in independent divisions—whereby, instead of being a single body, it grew limbs—with which it could grip the enemy at one point while it struck him elsewhere. This made it easier to force a battle on the enemy, to take him at a disadvantage, and to concentrate strength against weakness—while hindering the enemy's concentration. Another asset was the new mobility. The Revolutionary armies could no longer maintain, or be maintained by, the old elaborate supply system. They had to find a new flexible system; they had to secure their supplies where they could; they had to learn to live sparsely and march light. The troops themselves could not be kept in the old stiff-drilled formations, nor restrained to a slow pace for the sake of symmetry. But they could cover the country much faster than their opponents, and made rings round them on the battlefield. A further asset were the new artillery methods—of concentrating fire rapidly against key-points—of disorganizing the resistance by this blasting fire before the assault was launched.

But even in Napoleon's hands, unlimited battle ultimately proved an unlimited liability. The military splendour of the Napoleonic age fixed the worship of battle like a yoke round the neck of soldiers. Yet the later Napoleonic

wars were not decided by battles. Napoleon destroyed the Spanish armies, only to find his trouble beginning. And it was not by battles that the Spanish guerillas undermined his power in Spain and started his general ruin. Napoleon beat the Russian armies, but he did not beat Russia. The Russians wrecked his army by avoiding battle until Generals Hunger and Winter could get to work, and his real downfall was consummated in 1814—when the Allies sealed his fate by swooping on Paris while he was trying to tempt them to meet him in battle.

The American Civil War saw plenty of battles—and Lee's failure to win a victory at Gettysburg certainly damped the hopes of the South. But it was Sherman's back-door entry into the South, his strategic march through Georgia and the Carolinas, which undermined the will of the Confederacy by an attack on their supplies and the morale of the people.

The last war was filled with battles, yet the most that the historian can fairly say is that they were a contributory factor—one of many: the main factor in the collapse of Germany being economic pressure. On this point there is Haig's own confession, at the end of October, 1918:

> "Germany is not broken in a military sense. During the last weeks her armies have withdrawn . . . in excellent order."

The Allied armies were exhausted, and needed to be reorganized before they could follow up. But Germany was broken internally by hunger, sickness and despair. Her breakdown developed directly from military disappointment, from the depression which spread when her own offensive in the spring failed to bring the victory that Ludendorff had promised. But the foundations of her resistance had been undermined by the Allied blockade.

The abortiveness of battle as a means of winning wars can be traced to the declining power of the attack to overcome defence. This condition was due to the growing power of modern firearms, and had been long in evolution. It was first manifest in the American Civil War, where it came to

be a standard calculation that one man in a trench was equal to three or four in an assault. In Europe, the wars of 1866 and 1870 brought fresh evidence of the paralysing influence of fire, although the brevity of both wars tended to obscure it. Nevertheless, after the second, the winning strategist, von Moltke, drew the conclusion that his victory could not be repeated, and enunciated the lesson that—"As a result of the improvement of firearms, the tactical defensive has acquired a great advantage over the offensive. . . . It seems to be more advantageous to proceed to an attack only after having repelled several attacks by the enemy." His warning was lost on his successors. Their optimistic view, as expressed by von der Goltz, was—"The idea of the greater strength of the defence is a mere delusion." The optimism was shared in France where, near the end of the century, the future Marshal Foch coined the axiom that "any improvement in firearms is bound to strengthen the offensive"—and proved it to his own satisfaction by specious arithmetic. British experience in the war against the Boers showed the fallacy of such assumptions, but was merely regarded in Europe as evidence of the frailty of the British attacks. Then came the Russo-Japanese War, which foreshadowed nearly all the factors which upset military calculations in 1914—the paralysing power of machine-guns, the hopelessness of frontal attacks, and the consequent relapse of the armies into trenches. But military optimism was even more impregnable—to the assault of facts. To ardent soldiers war was unthinkable without successful attack, so that they were able to persuade themselves that attacks could succeed. The delusive basis of that faith was quickly exposed when the World War began, and was made clearer still when the trench deadlock set in—for four years. And it is significant that the only great battles which had far-reaching results before morale had broken down were those which took the form of a counter-stroke after the enemy had spent himself in vain attacks—the Allied victories in the first and second battles of the Marne, the German victories at Tannenberg, Gorlice, and Caporetto. Yet none of the commanders at the outset, and hardly any later, showed remembrance of Moltke's

advice, or were willing to delay their own offensive dreams until they had dispelled the enemy's.

The historical basis of the belief in the hand-to-hand fight is equally false, and it reacts on the belief in numbers. For a century the military manuals of Europe continued to emphasize the decisive importance of physical shock, echoing Clausewitz's dictum: "The close combat, man to man, is plainly to be regarded as the real basis of combat." The French doctrine of 1914 fervently declared that the object of all attacks was "to charge the enemy with the bayonet in order to destroy him." Something might be claimed for it if the emphasis had been on the psychological effect of a close-quarter threat, but the time and attention devoted to bayonet-training showed that the bayonet-fight was regarded as a reality. Yet even in the eighteenth century a practical soldier like Guibert had remarked its rarity, while Jomini was but one of a number of witnesses of the Napoleonic battles who said that, except in villages and defiles, he had "never seen two forces cross bayonets." Half a century later Moltke would point out the fallacy of the French assertion that their victory at Solferino had been won by the bayonet. In 1870 their troops were to pay heavily against Prussian fire for this delusion among their leaders, yet Boguslawski records that in actual fact "bayonets were never crossed in open fight." But there are over two thousand years of experience to tell us that the only thing harder than getting a new idea into the military mind is to get an old one out.

Only in conditions where shock was a practical possibility could the theory of massing superior numbers be effective. It was difficult to adjust it to conditions where one man with a machine-gun might count for more than a score, or a hundred, or sometimes even a thousand, who were advancing upon him with the bayonet. As the capacity to make such an adjustment proved to be lacking, the formula of victory became merely a formula of futility—and death. The more ranks of attackers, the more swathes of dead: that was all. The fallacy was proved most emphatically of all by the Germans against the Russians; by their superior weapons and technique the Germans

utterly discounted the vastly superior numbers of their eastern front opponent. Here the "big battalions" merely made big cemeteries, burdened their own communications to breaking point, and bankrupted their own country's power. Yet the lesson is largely lost on the man who directed the German forces. After twenty years for reflection he resuscitates these delusions for application in another war.

Nevertheless we should be unwise to ignore them, and to accept instead the popular assumption that the next war will be waged in the air, with the contending Powers each seeking to destroy the enemy's capital and bomb the people into surrender.

It is worth while to approach the problem of future warfare along Ludendorff's path, not because his idea of the result is likely to prove real, but because it shows what is likely to be attempted. It is a guide to the outlook which still prevails among the military chiefs of Europe, to the persistence of obsolete conceptions along with new weapons, and to the consequent confusion of military thought. The general trend of the rearmament race now in progress fosters this by piling up numbers, and by feeding the military chiefs with more means than their minds can assimilate. Ludendorff's is a fair representation of what may occur at the outset, if not in the issue, of a future war.

Mechanisation has given the general staffs a new ground for belief in mobile warfare—the picture to which armies always revert in peace time, along with a renewed confidence in the speedy success of their own attacks. Prolonged as was the resistance which the military authorities everywhere offered to the idea of mechanisation, now that they have embraced it they build expectations on it which dumbfound a sober and long-standing advocate of this inevitable evolution. In many countries they have burst out into prophecy that trench-warfare is a thing of the past, and that the wars of the future will be fought and finished with a quickness hitherto unknown.

For the initial movements, mechanised troops certainly offer a great advantage over those who have to march on foot or be brought forward by rail. This is the more important

because of the growth of new fortifications along the frontiers; the prospects of an invasion will obviously be handicapped if the enemy is given time to man these with the reserves that become available on mobilization. Thus there is little doubt that the new mechanised divisions which the European armies now possess will be used in the first hours of war with the aim of pentrating the enemy's frontier, and opening the way for the subsequent general advance. All the general staffs are trending towards this new picture, in which the first phase of a war is fought out by the mechanised part of their forces actually available, instead of waiting, as in 1914, until the main strength of the army has been assembled.

But there is reason to doubt whether this mechanised spearhead will produce the decisive advantage which is sought. The chances are against this, unless the enemy is not only taken unawares, but is himself unmechanised. For, in the first place, obstruction is the natural antidote to the power of delivering mobile strokes which mechanisation has revived. By utilizing rivers, canals, and railways as barriers, by demolishing bridges and blocking defiles, the defender may go far to nullify the new menace. Moreover, mechanisation itself enables the means of obstruction and demolition to be moved more swiftly to any threatened spot. And the defenders' mechanised troops, having less risk of being checked by hostile obstructions, may be switched to meet the danger faster than the mechanised attackers can develop it. Despite the apparent advantage that mechanisation has brought to the offensive, its reinforcement of the defensive may prove greater still.

While the prospects of this initial stroke by the mechanised forces are slight, they are bright compared with those that await the main masses of the European armies. Even if these come close enough to strike, what ground is there for expecting that they will make more impression on the defence than in the last war? The main weapon that then stopped them was the machine-gun; there is now a far higher proportion of machine-guns, light and heavy, in all armies. The weapon on which the attackers mainly relied to overcome the defending machine-gun in the last war was

artillery; there is far less artillery now in all armies than in 1918. Even if this could be increased to the wartime scale, it is a weapon that, when used in mass, tends to block the path of the infantry it is trying to help. By ploughing up the ground it acts as an automatic military brake. Furthermore, it increases the encumbrance by the mass of transport required to supply its heavy appetite for shells. Armour, in the form of the tank, proved a better means in the last war of helping the attack forward; but armour used in a direct assault against organized defence would now seem to have lost much of its value through the great and widespread development of armour-piercing weapons—there are now highly efficient anti-tank machine-guns, and even rifles, as well as guns.

There are greater possibilities in the skilful use of obscurity as a cloak to the attack. Fog, natural or artificial, and darkness are the best antidotes to the defensive machine-gun. The risks of obscurity are mainly those of confusion; they are certainly less than those of annihilation by machine-guns with a clear field of fire; and they can be much reduced by training. The superiority of highly trained troops over normal troops is much more pronounced in the dark than in daylight. Such a level of training, however, is difficult to attain during peace time in mass armies raised by conscription.

But the greater question that affects these mass armies is whether they will ever reach the battlefield. Their approach must be made by roads and railways; they will crowd these arteries which now, for several hundred miles back, lie under the menace of air attack. Their immense demands in food and ammunition supply requires a continuous circulation along these arteries; thus the strain and the susceptibility to interruption is maintained all the way back, even when the armies themselves have passed on. To gauge what might happen it is worth studying the process of mobilization and assembly in 1914. Despite all the care and effort devoted to its machinery there were hitches which caused serious trouble, and threatened worse. Yet in 1914 there was no interference from the enemy such as is certain to-day through the intervention

of air power—from bombs on the bridges and rail junctions as well as on the trains and marching columns themselves; probably also from mustard gas sprayed over the roads, stations, bivouacs, and supply depots. There is no need to assume that the devastation will be as overwhelming as popular imagination and air enthusiasm picture. The complexity and delicacy of the process of mobilising and moving forward an army is such that a mere touch, or series of touches, may well suffice to cause its collapse. The larger the army and the more its mobilization process is speeded up, the more susceptible it will be to dislocation because the greater will be the congestion of all the traffic arteries.

If the opponent should employ mustard gas, the paralysis of war is still more probable. For in the fighting zone mustard gas is most effective as a defensive blocking agent; it constitutes the most impassable, if invisible, barrier to advance, especially advance by armies composed of infantry; while in the rear zone it is essentially a dislocating agent, upsetting administrative arrangements and traffic circulation. But mustard gas is not essential to produce this stagnation. Machine-guns and demolitions should suffice to stop an advancing army; air bombs acting on inherent congestion behind should suffice to prevent it remaining where it has stopped. Blocked in front, the mass army is likely to break down in rear. If the maintenance of such armies is straining the resources of the nations in peace, in war the attempt to use them threatens national bankruptcy.

The attempt to seek victory in battle at sea has hardly more promise. Here again there is no need to imagine that the battle fleets will be bombed to destruction. If the battle fleets of the last war were deterred from meeting each other by the menace of the submarine and the mine, how much more likely is such a paralysing effect now that to these weapons are added the new dangers introduced by shore-based aircraft and torpedo-carrying speedboats—the little "sea-sleds" which are fast multiplying in many navies.

As for battle in the air, here at present is a sphere where the offensive is superior to the defensive. But that offensive

need not take the form of striking at the hostile air forces; it is simpler, far simpler than it has ever been on land, to strike direct at the sources of the enemy's power without first breaking through his shielding forces. The spaces of the air are so vast and the speeds of aircraft are becoming so high that it is waste of effort to fight when it is possible to slip past. Faithful to military tradition, some of the air forces, especially when under the control of conventional soldiers, may set out to defeat their aerial opponents; but, if so, they stand to lose the war while they are pursuing the battle.

For, coincidentally and subsequently, economic pressure will be in progress in all its varied forms—as even Ludendorff foresees. With the growth of social and industrial organization, economic targets have proportionately outgrown military targets, and they have become more sensitive as the latter have become less vulnerable. The complex web of a nation's commerce and industry, its administration and supply, can be easily torn. Externally the flow of its supplies can be more easily reduced to stagnation now that its trade-routes are exposed to attack from shore-based aircraft and other new agents of interference.

Military wisdom now lies, not in amassing armies, but in diminishing national vulnerability. This is a compound of factors. The very industry that augments a nation's strength for military action may produce a counterbalancing degree of vulnerability. And the centralization of industry may counteract the growth of industry from a military point of view. Every means of reducing and dispersing targets, and also of decreasing their sensitiveness, should be studied and sought. The preparedness of the people is no less important. As safeguards against air attack, for example, education and understanding count at least as much as concrete measures for the provision of anti-aircraft weapons and shelters.

A sturdy individualism based on a regime of reason and freedom so long as it does not relapse into inertia, may withstand the shocks better than the emotionalism bred by totalitarianism, with its insistence on mass psychology and incessant appeal to mass sentiment. The self-reliant

individual, capable of thinking for himself, has a better chance of adaptation to the unexpected. And the one certainty about modern war is that it is more uncertain than it ever was.

Compared with to-day, it was simple to make military calculation in 1914. To launch a war then was no worse a hazard than backing the favourite—even so, the favourite has often lost. But to-day it is like backing a horse that has never run, and whose breeding even is unknown. If calculation ruled the rulers, they would surely abstain from aggression. But ambitious and warlike rulers are apt to prove the most hardened of gamblers. Napoleon is their patron saint—and there never was a worse case of obstinate self-delusion than his triumphal assurance on the march to Moscow. His kind may still produce gamblers of that kind. But they carry their own antidote so long as they concentrate on building armies for battle, and thereby burden their war organization with a weight it can no longer safely bear. There would be more reason to fear them if they were to develop a new art of war, aiming at paralysis rather than annihilation, and operating by multiple pressure without combat: a super-guerilla warfare aimed at the sources instead of at the face of the enemy's armed power, and striking at the greatest number of points—economic, political and psychological—over the widest area, without offering a target or coming to a clinch.

The Great Officers of State

By Michael Maclagan

It is only when some great ceremony has to be staged that the ordinary man realizes the large number of important functionaries of whom he has never heard. In England there are usually held to be nine great offices of State, but of these only five are generally filled—those of Lord High Chancellor, Lord President of the Council, Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord Privy Seal and Earl Marshal, and of these only the Chancellor exercises a shadow of his former power. One after another the other officers became so powerful that the Crown found it wisest to curtail their influence.

First and greatest in the Middle Ages was the Lord High Steward of the Kingdom, who held his post by tenure of the Honour of Hinckley in Leicestershire. This manor belonged in succession to the families of Grantmesnil, Beaumont and de Montfort, and his position as Steward helped Simon de Montfort to the leadership of the barons in their conflict with Henry III. Warned by his career subsequent kings kept the office to themselves or to their family and seldom appointed a Steward for more than a short time. But even to-day two ceremonial occasions demand that the office be filled. At Coronations the post is usually given to a distinguished member of the House of Lords—the Duke of Wellington, for example, at the Coronations of George IV, William IV and Victoria—but at the trial of a peer by his peers it has become the custom to appoint the Lord Chancellor, as was done at the recent trial of Lord de Clifford. In both cases the appointment is only *pro hac vice* and at the conclusion of the proceedings the Lord High Steward solemnly breaks his wand of office.

The second dignitary, the Lord Chancellor, is, after the royal family, the first layman of the realm, having precedence between the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. He still exercises a large measure of power, especially in legal matters, is the head of the judiciary and often leader of the House of Lords. Even though his influence

had declined since the Middle Ages when he was the right hand of the King and controlled the Great Seal, he has retained more of his position than any of the other officers.

The Lord High Treasurer, next on the list, remained an office of first-rate importance until the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was held by men of the eminence of Lord Burleigh and Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. After the fall of the latter it was put into commission, as it had often been before, and, until the title of Prime Minister was officially recognized in 1905, the head of the government was, unless a peer, the First Lord of the Treasury, for that office carries with it the leadership of the House of Commons. In 1608 the same fate befell the ninth office, that of Lord High Admiral, which has remained in commission ever since, except for a few months in 1827 when the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV, was Lord High Admiral.

Both the next two offices survive, but only as sinecures, those of Lord President of the Council and Lord Privy Seal. Their holders still occupy places in the Cabinet, but little or nothing is demanded from them in the way of duties. They had been of the first importance in their day, the former in the sixteenth century, and the latter at an even earlier date, and were given the precedence they now hold by statute in the reign of King Henry VIII.

The Lord Great Chamberlain is one of the two officers of State who still derives his title from hereditary right. For centuries the position was held by the family of the de Veres, Earls of Oxford, and on their extinction in the seventeenth century, it passed to the Berties, who were successively created Earls of Lindsey and Dukes of Ancaster and Kesteven. On the death of the last duke in 1779, the office fell into abeyance between his two sisters, one of whom married Lord Cholmondeley and the other Lord Gwydyr, whose sons became joint hereditary Lord Great Chamberlains of England. This position was made even more complicated by the death of the third Lord Gwydyr leaving two sisters as heiresses to his moiety of the office, Lady Carrington and Lady Aveland. It was decided that

a Lord Cholmondeley should be Chamberlain every other reign, and that Lords Carrington and Aveland (whose sons became Marquess of Lincolnshire and Earl of Ancaster respectively) should each occupy the office one reign in four, as each had inherited a quarter-part of the ancient dignity. Accordingly the duties were performed by the fourth Lord Cholmondeley in the reign of King Edward VII and will be performed by his son during the present reign, while Lord Lincolnshire was Chamberlain during the reign of George V. But the position was further complicated by the death of the latter while in office, leaving only daughters; his place was filled by Lord Lewisham, one of his sons-in-law, but if all his five daughters are regarded as having inherited a fifth part of a quarter share of the office of Lord Great Chamberlain, some new arrangement is called for, or the descent of this honour will become ridiculous. The next reign will presumably see Lord Ancaster or his son in this ancient post. In each case the appointment is confirmed by a royal warrant.*

The office of Lord High Constable was hereditary in the great family of de Bohun, who acquired it from Roger FitzMilo, Earl of Hereford. Humphrey de Bohun, fourth Earl of Hereford and Constable of England, was one of the leaders of the opposition to Edward I. The King ordered him to serve with his forces in Gascony, and the Earl refused on the grounds that it was against feudal custom. Peace was eventually restored between them and his son married the King's daughter. The heiress of this family married the youngest son of Edward III, and their daughter married Lord Stafford and was ancestress of the Duke of Buckingham, executed by Henry VIII. After his death appointments to this post were only made for special occasions. There must be a Constable for coronations and also for trials by combat, but the powers of the office were much abridged by Richard II in 1389 and its jurisdiction was given to the Earl Marshal. We find a fourteenth-century Constable, John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, drawing up rules for tourneys with such laws as these:

*Written in November, 1935. On the accession of King George VI, the office duly passed to Lord Ancaster.

"He that or whoso hittethe iii times in the fight of the healme shall have the prize," and "Who stryketh a man his back bones shall have no prize."

Originally the Constable was an officer at the French court, whose title meant in fact Count of the Stable; he was in charge of the royal horses, then of the King's cavalry, and thus rose to be one of the most powerful officers in the realm. In England he was always of great importance, and though regular appointments were not always made after the extinction of the Bohuns, the last holder, the Duke of Buckingham, was also Lord High Steward. When Wolsey contrived his execution on a series of trumped-up charges, the Emperor Charles V remarked: "It was a great pity that so fair and goodly a buck should be worried to death by a butcher's cur."

Eighth, and, save for the Lord High Admiral, last of the great officers of State, is the Earl Marshal. In the Middle Ages, Marshal and Constable together ruled the feudal army, both cavalry commanders, for the word marshal is of the same derivation as "mare." This office was held by the Bigod family, who inherited it from a branch of the family of de Clare, which from its office bore the surname of Marshal. Roger Bigod, Marshal and fourth Earl of Norfolk, had defied Henry III, when the king had threatened to reap his fields for him, and so humble him. "If you do so," he said, "I will send you the heads of your reapers." His nephew Roger, who succeeded him, was equally brief with Edward I. With the Constable, he refused to go on foreign service, unless accompanied by the king. "By God, Earl," said the king, "you shall either go or hang." "By God, King," answered the Earl, "I will neither go nor hang." And ultimately the king had to yield. Marshal and king were reconciled, but Roger was the last of his line, and after his death Edward II created his own brother both Earl of Norfolk and Marshal of England. He, too, died childless, and the office was for some time conferred on members of various great families for short periods, on Beauchamps, Mortimers, Montagus and Fitzalans.

In 1383, Richard II created Thomas Mowbray Marshal of England, and afterwards bestowed on him the new title

of Earl Marshal, which has been held by his successors. But when Mowbray had his celebrated quarrel with the future Henry IV, and their duel at Coventry was stopped by the king, Richard's half-brother, Thomas Holand, was appointed Earl Marshal. In no family did the office become hereditary throughout the next two centuries, though several held it for more than one generation. Usually appointments were made temporarily or for life. John Howard, first Duke of Norfolk, was made Earl Marshal by Richard III, but his fortunes fell along with those of his master. Henry VIII twice bestowed the office on the Howards, but also gave it to his brother-in-law, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk ; and during the reign of Elizabeth the duties were performed by commissioners until, in 1592, the post was given to the Earl of Essex. Essex had been furious when Lord Howard of Effingham, conqueror of the Armada, had been made an Earl, and through holding the office of Lord High Admiral took precedence of him, but by this creation Essex recovered the place which he had lost. After his death the office remained for the most part in commission until, in 1672, Henry Howard, afterwards fifth Duke of Norfolk, was made Earl Marshal with remainder to his heirs male. Since that date the office has remained in the Howard family, although up to 1824 those Dukes of Norfolk who were Roman Catholics were unable to perform their duties, which were fulfilled by Deputy Earl Marshals, usually chosen from their Protestant kinsmen.

In the Middle Ages the Constable and the Earl Marshal were all-powerful in matters connected with chivalry. To the former fell the duty of regulating all tournaments and jousts, while the latter had jurisdiction over all cases of disputed coats of arms, of precedence, and other heraldic matters. They were supposed to have charge of the feudal army, and to supervise the military service which was owed to the king by his tenants. If any booty was taken, horned cattle, unshod horses and hogs became the property of the Constable, spotted cattle of all kinds of the Marshal. They rode together after the king, the Constable bearing a mace, and the Marshal a wand. In the king's absence the

Constable commanded the army, with the Marshal as his deputy.

To-day the Earl Marshal has acquired much of the power of the Constable, owing to the long periods when there was no holder of that office. As head of the College of Heralds, the Duke of Norfolk is supreme in all matters of ceremonial and pageantry. But for the Coronation itself it is still necessary that a Lord High Constable be appointed, and whoever is given the office will share the task of superintending the proceedings with the Earl Marshal. As they arrange the Coronation of a twentieth-century king and consider such modern requirements as the provision of space for parking, they may allow their minds to remember the days when they ruled the feudal army of England, and were its highest officers.

With the Duce in Libya

By E. D. O'Brien

LIBYA pleased the Duce. As his long tour to open the Litoranea, the big new motor road that links up the whole coastline of Italian North Africa, progressed, his pleasure became increasingly apparent. At the Egyptian frontier he was very much the stern unbending leader of a military nation and the enormous jaw jutted out more challengingly than ever. But by the time he got to Tripoli the spectacular success of the tour and the rousing reception he got en route from Italians and Arabs alike had had their effect. He was all smiles and congratulations for everyone from Marshal Balbo, the Governor, to diminutive balillas, and from Cadis to crossing sweepers.

The colony should congratulate its Governor and his staff on the excellence of the arrangements which made the Duce see Libya through such pleasantly rose-tinted spectacles. The Duce's pleasure has taken concrete form in sweeping changes in the military and administrative status of the province which should do something to counteract the position of Abyssinia as the spoilt darling of Italian colonial development.

The Duce's tour was remarkable for those who were members of his Motor Caravan from three points of view: As a study in organization ; as a study in Italian handling of the native problem ; and as a study of colonization in the teeth of great difficulties.

The preparations for Signor Mussolini's journey had begun last summer. Then all officers in the colony, whether actually serving or in the reserve, were required to state if they spoke one or more foreign languages. The linguists were sorted out into national groups and taken over the route to familiarize themselves with it. For months before the Duce landed Marshal Balbo was working on the thousand and one necessary details. The political officers had to collect 90 per cent. of the population of the interior and bring the nomads with their herds up to the sides of the road. In some cases the journey from the desert oases took three or four months, and even now far to the south from Derna, from Bengazi, and from Tripoli little columns

of dust betray the presence of nomads making the weary journey back. Many have still some weeks of travel ahead of them.

The mere erection of bunting and the stencilling of slogans must have taken weeks. On every building was stencilled "Duce! Duce!" (or sometimes the more authentically Roman "Dux"), "WIl Fondatore del Impero," "Credere, Obbedire, Combattere," and other of Signor Mussolini's dicta.

Flags were everywhere. Each little Bedouin tent had its tiny tricolour. Even old drums of tar discarded by the roadside had a tricolour or a slogan pasted on them.

In Tripoli whole streets were repaved. The old British consulate built in the middle of the eighteenth century was surrounded by Maltese slums. A month before the Duce's arrival the tenants were given the (to them) enormous sum of 200 lire and notice to quit. A week before the Duce arrived, where the former slums had been, was a delightful open square surrounded by tiled pavements. Opposite the Castello in Tripoli a huge steel scaffolding tower 320 feet high had been erected in order to floodlight from above the Duce's entry into the city.

All along the route carpets were ready to drape the walls of the native quarter, the Moslem population had learnt to shout "Duce! Duce!" (sometimes it became "Dushy Dushy" or even "Dolce Dushy"), saluting guns were loaded, guards of honour in position, poems of welcome had been committed to memory. The stage was set for the arrival of the Motor Caravan.

The Caravan itself consisted of 120 cars (excluding those of the Duce and Marshal Balbo). They were mostly 14 h.p. Lancias or Fiat "Balillas" and had been borrowed for the occasion from the Government officials or army or air force officers to whom they belonged. In fact, while we rode the rest of the colony walked. Each of us was allotted a key number. A special label bearing this number was affixed to our luggage so that our suit-cases were awaiting in our rooms on arrival at our next stopping place. This number also gave the clue to our seats in car or 'plane.

To every two or three cars an officer speaking the language or languages of those under his care was attached, to be our guide, philosopher and friend throughout the tour. It is difficult to speak too highly of the efficiency and charm of these officers. Marshal Balbo had chosen well. Nobody who had been for ten days under the wing of, say, Baron Scola Camerini, Marshal Balbo's A.D.C., who was formerly in the Embassy in London, or of our own particular officer, Lieut. Casella, the retired grain merchant, for whom no trouble was too great, could be anti-Italian at the end of that period.

Their tempers were sufficiently tried. We who were guests had very little sleep, considering ourselves lucky to get a really good night of five hours. But our unfortunate officers, in order to ensure our creature comforts the following day, usually had an hour less at either end. We were a strange lot. There were only three British journalists. The remaining 117 of the 120 were apparently the *crême de la crême* of the world's Press. Collectively, we wore the most astonishing clothes (the Parisian or Berlin journalist's idea of a suitable costume for the Libyan desert has to be seen to be believed). We did not always understand what was going on. There was, for instance, a charming Pole who apparently spoke no civilized tongue proficiently. I am eternally grateful to him. He staved off sea-sickness for two hours on the way from Naples to Tobruk by expounding to me in a weird French the divine right, a right which would have soon to be satisfied, of Poland to have colonies. I gathered that it was Britain which was to have the privilege of righting this injustice. We did not always, especially the more Gallic of us, behave very well or show that courtesy which is traditionally and (in most cases, erroneously) supposed to be the particular charm of our neighbours immediately across the Channel. However, nothing succeeded in shaking the calm of our philosophic guides, though individuals among them must often have thought with Kai Lung's porcelain manufacturer, "My hand itches to reward you in accordance with the promptings of a full heart."

The motoring was strenuous. A hundred and fifty to

three hundred and fifty miles a day in the back of a Balilla is hard on those with long legs. The scenery for tens of miles at a time was extremely dull—for the most part flat plain with only occasional groups of Arabs with tents and flocks to break the monotony of treeless scrub or dunes. As the road is dead straight and has an excellent surface there is nothing but a mechanical break-down to prevent one keeping up a steady 50–55 m.p.h. almost indefinitely.

It says something for the cars and their drivers that not more than two or three of these by no means powerful or high-priced cars had to drop out of the column in 1,200 miles of fast motoring.

Catering for a mobile column of 200–300 people was a big problem in a country which so far only sees a handful of tourists in the year. It was a problem of organization which was brilliantly surmounted. A special staff of waiters had been brought from Lago Maggiore and Como who preceded us by air or, overnight by lorry, to prepare picnic lunches or to supplement the staff of hotels. Perhaps the most remarkable feat of all was performed at Arae Philenorum. We had had the worst drive of the trip, 320 miles from Benghazi, the last hundred miles in dust so thick that one could hardly see a car twenty yards in front. But at the end of it, in the middle of the desert, miles from water, from any tree or human habitation, there was an encampment of two hundred marquees.

We sat down that night at tables covered with spotless cloths, shining silver and glass, to a seven course meal (fish flown from Italy early that morning), preceded by a well-iced cocktail, followed by a white, a red, and a sparkling wine, and concluding with liqueurs. One could not have had a better meal in Rome.

As far as the ceremonial side of Signor Mussolini's tour was concerned, this could scarcely have been bettered. The entry of the Duce into Tripoli was one of the finest, most colourful and most dramatic spectacles I have ever seen. Not Cochran in his most splendid imaginings ever thought of a show such as Marshal Balbo put on that night. It was only rivalled by the reception the Marshal gave at his Palace two nights later. Then the floodlit

white cupolas of the Palace; the motionless Zaptiés with drawn swords and scarlet and silver burnous reaching to the ground standing like statues along paths and in archways; the medley of full dress uniforms, orders and medals; the beautiful sky-blue and silver burnous of the women; the Duce with a high plume in his hat moving through the crowd; here was a sight not to be forgotten; a sight to make Mr. Cecil B. de Mille green with envy.

All this had its effect. The Oriental dearly loves a show and this was the pomp and splendour of Imperial Rome recaptured for his delectation. That the Duce's visit was a success with the Moslem population of Tripoli is undoubted. The severities which the pacification of Cyrenaica and of the interior made necessary are now beginning to be forgotten. The Cadis have been confirmed in their semi-religious, semi-judicial functions. Italian money is building new mosques for the faithful, and restoring the tombs of such saints as may have gradually lost the financial support of their flocks.

These main lines of Italy's Islamic policy were laid down as long ago as 1911, within three weeks of the capture of Tripoli after its desperate defence by a vigorous Turkish officer of the name of Enver. So that their enunciation now is in the nature of a restatement of an established programme.

Signor Mussolini's role as the Protector of Islam was to have provided the sub-title, as it were, to the story of his tour. He is, however, with his journalist's mind, extremely sensitive to Press reactions abroad. As soon as reports reached him of the unfavourable comments in France and in Great Britain, the Protector of Islam note was immediately soft-pedalled. In any case, it should be remembered that the Orient (and North Africa is Oriental) speaks the language of hyperbole. It is ever anxious to do the polite. The present writer has somewhere a poem written on silk in three languages by the headmaster of the local Indian school in honour of his birth. The English version is charmingly eulogistic. One stanza concludes with the apostrophe:

Nine Muses and the Stars above
Shine on thy path and "Hurrah" cry.

Even the fact that those talented young ladies have apparently not reacted to this invocation does not detract from the politeness of the wish. So perhaps when venerable Cadis assured the Duce, through a slick Arab interpreter, that he was the Protector of Islam and that 400 million Moslems throughout the world looked to him as their champion and as their potential deliverer from their enemies, they should not be taken as meaning it entirely literally.

All the same, in their Islamic policy the Italians have got a strong card. Not perhaps an ace of trumps, but at any rate a court card, at a time when Britain is committed by Zionism to offending the Moslem world through Palestine and when the activities of the Front Populaire are enfeebling France's grip on her North African possessions. While it is difficult for the best intentioned apologist for Italy to reconcile the propaganda broadcasts from the Bari wireless station and the activity of Italian agents in Egypt, the Sudan and Palestine with professions of complete innocence, we must, at the same time, remember the quite considerable beams in our own eyes. The key to Italian policy in the Mediterranean and in North Africa is fear of the "might have been," of what might have happened had the Abyssinian campaign led to a Mediterranean war, fear of a repetition of the events of eighteen months ago. The Italians say to us, with some justification, "If we are to judge from a section of your Press, from your broadcasting and your pulpits, we are drawn to the conclusion that you want a war with us. If that is so, how can you blame us for turning Libya into a vast network of landing grounds? For trying to ensure that next time it is Britain that has to face Arab revolts of the type which Lawrence of Arabia was able to stir up against the Turks in the last war?" The remedy for this unhappy state of tension lies in pacifist circles in London rather than in the Governor's Palace in Tripoli or in the Palazzo Venezià. Arab nationalism besides, does not distinguish, except in degree, between one infidel ruler and another.

It is not to the ultimate interest of any Moslem Power to attempt to gain a fleeting advantage over a rival by stirring up trouble in that rival's native populations.

That is the sort of weapon which nowadays often turns out to be a boomerang. The German Empire paid bitterly in revolution for the sealed train in which it sent Lenin and Trotsky back to destroy Russia. Signor Mussolini, who is probably the most astute statesman in Europe, realizes this. If our swashbuckling pacifists on one side and the Italian hotheads who talk boastingly of " smashing the British Empire " on the other, can be curbed, there is no reason why Italy's Islamic policy need be a menace to our interests.

So much for the Moslem problem in Libya. For the moment that is a comparatively simple one. White colonization in the province is by no means so simple. Travelling through Libya, visiting the settlements, and seeing the tremendous efforts needed to bring fertility from desolation, one was able to appreciate something of the envy felt by Italy for countries more favourably placed in the matter of colonies but which do not seem to be making the most of them. In colonial, as in social, matters it is difficult for the Haves and the Have-Nots to appreciate each other's points of view. The object of Italian colonization in Libya is gradually to establish a white population of small-holders, thus providing an outlet for emigration from Italy (though the bulk of Italian emigrants will now go to Ethiopia) and building up a sturdy race of peasants owning their own land and capable of defending the colony and themselves. The Duce was especially interested in the small colonies of a few hundred settlers scattered along the road. He is a peasant by heredity and by instinct. He was at his happiest inspecting oxen, farm equipment and chatting and joking with the peasants. For them the excitement caused by his visit can well be imagined. For poor Calabrians or Apulians fighting the desert in a colony thirty or forty or fifty miles from the next inhabited village and some hundreds of miles from the nearest cinema or other hall-mark of Western civilization, Signor Mussolini's visit was an Event with a capital E. While, naturally, it will be many years before these colonization schemes can stand on their own feet, what has already been achieved in the face of great natural difficulties is sufficiently

remarkable. With the incentive of private ownership after a term of years to whet their natural land hunger, these peasants are achieving wonders.

There is yet another aspect of modern Libya which is worth recording—Libya as a tourist country. Marshal Balbo has had built in the principal towns on the road some of the finest hotels I have ever stayed in. The contrast, for instance, between the private soldiers' barrack hutments in which we slept, some of us with "company," at Derna, and the hotel at Cyrene in which we passed the following night, was striking. The Berenice on the sea front at Benghazi is an enormous building and a charming example of modern architecture adapted to its surroundings, and the modern hotels in Tripoli itself are equally fine. For the archæologist the country is a paradise. The ruins at Cyrene, the city which in Roman times had 300,000 inhabitants, are as good as anything to be seen in Rome itself. Those at Leptis Magna are infinitely better. Leptis Magna was the birthplace of the Emperor Septimus Severus. He determined to make it worthy of that honour and built a vast city of marble and stone as a huge architectural monument to himself. At his death a large part of the city, which had little economic justification for its existence, was abandoned. When the Arabs cut down the trees, the desert advanced over the once fertile coastal belt and Leptis Magna, together with the other Roman cities, was covered by sand. Warm dry sand is probably the finest preservative of stone in the world. So that at Leptis there are capitals of Corinthian columns which might have been carved yesterday. The site which has already been exposed is a vast one, but it is believed that this is only about a third of that which will eventually be uncovered. The Roman theatre at Sabratha, in which the Duce saw a performance of *Œdipus Rex*, stands on another fine site which will repay the archæologists for their trouble in laying it bare once more.

For Signor Mussolini the difference in Libya between 1926, when he paid his last visit, and to-day, must have been striking. In March, 1937, he saw a great road linking towns and forts, where before had only been tracks. He

saw Libya with her landing grounds innumerable, her swarms of 'planes, her big reserves of first-class native fighting material, as a new factor in the strategy of the Mediterranean basin. He saw lines of Arabs assembled to cheer him in country where before his troops and his colonists had been virtually beleaguered garrisons. He saw his colonists by the sweat of their brows winning the baked earth back to fertility. He saw the ancient monuments of this Roman land restored with a Roman dignity and a Roman spaciousness and breadth of vision.

All these things the Duce saw and was satisfied. He had cause for his satisfaction.

The Princes of India and the British Crown

By Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn,
K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

THE Princes of India and their States are one of the astounding features of the British Empire, a feature which will be much in evidence to the outward eye during the Coronation, and which for the moment is intriguing, in view of their hesitation in accepting the Federation part of Sir Samuel Hoare's India Bill; yet without their free-will adhesion that Bill does not fructify. As a feature in the edifice of government, they are faintly paralleled in some of the French overseas states, and might have remained so in Abyssinia, if false sentiment had not wrecked the Hoare-Laval agreement. As an instance of the benevolent and binding power of the British Crown reacting on an ancient chivalry they are unique. In this year of the Coronation it is not out of place to consider this body of what for want of a better word might be called feudatories, and what the Crown of Britain means to them.

The Princes' States of India include two-fifths of the terrain of that vast sub-continent, and they rule over one-quarter of the 350 millions. We who see them in their oriental costumes on State occasions, or in a neat semi-European guise at race-meetings, do not puzzle ourselves very much as to what they stand for and what they mean. Still less do we concern ourselves with the stories and origins of their thrones.

What their demur amounts to as regards the Federation and the reasons therefor will be dealt with hereinafter. Just, however, as they are essential factors in the new deal, so the Crown of England is as essential to them, as it is to the new British India. It will be the constitutional Crown which will keep "British" India from internecine bitternesses and excess of communal strife, and the more personal Crown with which the Princes are in inalienable treaty, that will maintain their positions and direct their progress. As we see them stand, Moslem Nawab, Hindu Rajahs and Maharajahs, at the Coronation, in all the

oriental splendour of ancient custom and Eastern predilection, we should realize the romance, the history, and the chivalry of which they are the emblems, as well as the tribulation through which they may have come to their present secure position. We shall then marvel more than ever at the British putting together of the broken Mogul pieces.

II. The Story of the Princes' States

The position outlined above brings us to the question, so seldom asked or understood, as to how the Princes came to be at all and what is their story. If that be outlined it will be clear how vital to them is their connection with the British Crown, and how great a factor they are and must ever be in India's future, and also how great a guarantee their treaties have been in the past to their freedom from Civil War.

The Princes' States of India actually number between five and six hundred of very different size and importance, their territories varying from the size of the British Isles to that of Battersea Park. Those known as "The Big Five," viz., Hyderabad, Mysore, Gwalior, Baroda and Kashmir, are very big states indeed. There are also several important ones such as Indore, Patiala and Bhopal in the second rank, and innumerable gradations below. For our general consideration it may be said that they divide into five main classes so far as their origins are concerned, and it may also be said that almost all were feudatories or provinces of the Mogul Empire of Delhi, and that in the crash of that great Empire into a thousand pieces, Provincial governors and feudatory chiefs found themselves masterless, from which ensued a glorious struggle for personal aggrandisement of the strong over weak.

The *First* and most ancient category are the Princes of Rajputana, which is old India, and the home of the real Hindu civilization and chivalry, from which should emanate any real revival of Hindu culture. Their origins lie far back amid the mists of time. Their later story is peculiar, for not long after the time of the Norman

Conquest they were driven from their homes on the Ganges, the Jumna, and the rivers of the Punjab before the storm of Arab, Afghan and Turkish invaders carrying the banner of Islam. Disgusted at the constant molestation they retreated to the arid fastness of Rajasthan, or Rajputana. There they long defied the invader; finally however, after fierce cruel tragedies, becoming tributaries to the Mogul. When the Mogul crashed, the rising tyranny of the Mahratta Confederacy in the west would have overwhelmed them had not the British taken control of the situation and entered into a protective alliance with them.

The *Second* main division, which however is now almost alone represented by Hyderabad, included the Governors of Mogul Provinces, who set up as independent rulers, and gradually came into the British condominium. Of these an important survival was the Nawab vizier of Oudh, raised by the British to the dignity of "King." His dynasty, however, unable to rule, faded into nothing and was abolished in 1856, a "pitiful" ending which the British had long struggled to avoid.

In the *Third* come a different type, viz., the descendants of those masters of horse, who had carved principalities for themselves out of the lands they had over-ridden during the period of the collapse of Delhi. Of such are Sindiah the chief of Gwalior, and Holkar Maharajah of Indore.

A Fourth class comprises those whom the British have actually created, or rescued and restored from Moslem usurpers. Of these latter the principal example is the great State of Mysore, on the glorious plateau of Southern India. It is in the hands of an ancient Hindu dynasty, which had been ousted by Haider Ali, the Arab or Persian soldier adventurer, with whom and his son Tippu, the British in Southern India fought so many wars for survival. When Tippu, after a defeat in 1792, failed to keep his treaties, and was again defeated in 1798 by General Harris, falling in the gates, the old Hindu dynasty was restored, and under British tutelage has produced the most prosperous and enlightened State in India.

The great principality of Jammu and Kashmir was formed by the British in 1846. Kashmir was one of the

provinces that the Afghan founder of the Durani Empire wrested from the Mogul in the middle of the eighteenth century. Runjhit Singh and his Sikhs took it from the Afghans in 1820. When the Sikh Soviet Army threw itself on India in 1845, and the British endeavoured to maintain the Sikh Kingdom, this Afghan province was given to the Hindu Rajah of Jammu, a Sikh tributary, who was created Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir. There are several others who similarly owe their origins to the British, notably the Nawab of Tank, descendant of a once Afghan freebooter.

A *Fifth* class is those who have been rescued from greater neighbours and put under British protection, as for instance the Phulkian States, chiefly Sikh, Patiala, Nabha and the like, who would otherwise have been absorbed by the grasping Runjhit Singh of Lahore over a century ago.

It may thus be said that almost all the Princes have been saved or protected at one time or another. Even Hyderabad, the premier State, would have fallen had not the British alliance protected it from the Mahratta Confederacy at the height of the latter's ruthless dominion. This rescue Hyderabad has reciprocated time and again, especially during the anxious time of the Indian Mutiny.

To understand what the Mahratta Confederacy was and how it was threatening all and sundry, it should be briefly said that, as the Moguls fell, Mahratta generals, who had gained ascendancy when the Mahratta baron Sivaji fought the Moguls and tore great corners of their territorial coast away, founded independent states and bound themselves in a great federation. They had seized the power at Delhi, and would have founded a Hindu Empire on the Mogul ruins had not the Afghan Emperor marched down to defend the Faith and support the Afghan colonists in India. With him came, in 1761, all the young men of our frontier tribes, and destroyed the whole Mahratta host at the last battle of Panipat, north of Delhi, by the famous Black Mango Tree, after which the Indians named the battle. When, a generation later, the Mahratta

had recovered sufficiently to resume their ruthless raiding of India, to demand the *Chouth*, or one-fourth of the revenue, and to try once more for the reversion of the Delhi throne, the British were no longer traders in the Mogul ports but fast becoming, almost by right of lapse, the arbiters of India. The Mogul puppet Emperor, who had been blinded by one of his Afghan ministers, was held by the Mahrattas in a Delhi dungeon. The great Governor-General, the Marquis Wellesley, offered the Mahratta Princes an alliance for the peace and content in India, on condition they kept within their recognized territories. They refused, and in 1803 decided to fight, only to go down before the troops, largely Indian, of Lake and Wellesley. In 1817 some of them tried once again, but only to meet the same fate, when the Peishwa our forsworn ally, lost his state. The others settled down to be great Princes and have so remained.

It may be said that Gwalior (Sindiah), Indore (Holkar), and the Jat rulers of Bhurtpore alone have ever tried their fate in arms. The rest gladly went into mutual alliance with the British in treaties which remain to this day. Those treaties were made with the East India Company, and were taken over by the Crown in 1858 with the assurance of their inviolability. The treaties saved the smaller from absorption by the Mahrattas and from the civil wars that without a strong central authority are inevitable. It may here be remarked that practically the whole of the Indian Empire as we know it to-day was built by the Company, and that the Crown has not added to it. It is, of course, equally true that the Company was but a form of the Crown in Commission.

In the early days of Bengal, the lesser princes, especially if they had opposed us, were turned from ruling magnates into territorial barons. Had this policy been pursued elsewhere there would not have been the multitudinous number of small princes who now complicate the federal problem. But by 1803 the British had learnt more, and their policy had long been one of magnanimity, so that there was no question of depriving the small princes who flocked to us for protection, and whose alliance undoubtedly helped in

the comparatively peaceful growth of the Company's and Crown's dominion.

Indeed, it is no fault of the British that the area of Princes' India is not far larger. For seventy years the Company endeavoured, as related, to bolster up the hopeless Kingdom of Oudh, and when the terrible years of misrule that followed Runjhit Singh's death, culminated in the launching of the Sikh armies on British India, already referred to, the endeavour to restore the Sikh Kingdom under the infant Dhulip Singh was a very genuine one, hopeless though it seemed to many onlookers.

The Princes' States in a Federation

So much for the past and its story, which is essential to our understanding of the present. It may be said that the development of the Princes' States, which are dictatorships, on modern lines, has been the constant if sometimes too grandmotherly care of the Viceroys and that department of State which handles the question of the Princes.

When Mr. Montague insisted, in the face of much good advice, on the particular lines of political development adopted for his Indian reforms, all who knew India as a whole knew that he had disregarded the great problem of the Princes, whose position *vis-à-vis* British India and the British Crown was permanently guarded by inviolable treaties. That problem had to be faced when any further political development was in the air. Its solution, as we all know, is that envisaged by the federalizing portion of the recent India Bill. That Bill cannot be given effect to unless the Indian Princes or a minimum specified number of them do of their own free will engage by solemn instrument to join the Federation. Their joining means surrendering a few of their sovereign powers for the general good. Their sovereign position is not involved, it being, as they point out, governed not by any engagement to the Government of India but to the Crown itself as represented by the Governor-General and Viceroy.

The majority of the important Princes from the days of the First Round Table Conference have expressed their

willingness to enter a confederation. They are to do so, according to the provisions of the Act, by signing the instrument of accession just referred to, of which after some discussion Sir Samuel Hoare published a revised draft.

That draft, however, does not yet satisfy the Princes as to its water-tightness, although it aimed at so doing. They do not challenge the intentions of the draft instrument, but assert that at present the wording does not give the security that it purports to do.

They now know that the Imperial Government can get into the hands of Socialist in-experts, and that the common-sense of equity that a Conservative or Liberal Government could be relied on to exert, is not now a certainty.

That, in brief, is the whole story of the various conferences and reports from India as to the discussions in the Chamber of Princes and other gatherings of their representatives. In view of the attitude of many of the British Socialists, whose coming into power may yet occur, the Princes feel that they must be secure, and that there shall be no possibility of finding themselves on a slippery bank down which platitudes and malice aforethought may shove them to make a Congress Holiday.

Now and again they raise the question of "Paramountcy," that nebulous, indefinable, fundamental right of the Crown to order them to do certain things. Sir Samuel Hoare has always told them that that is outside discussion. Indeed, Earl Reading, both as Governor-General and as a great lawyer, has probably said the last word on the subject in his famous minute to the premier Prince, the Nizam of Hyderabad. He asserted that the Supremacy of the Crown, or the British Government in India, "is not based upon treaties and engagements but exists independently of them . . . it is the right and privilege of the Paramount Power to decide all dispute between the States and between one of the States and itself; even though a Court of Arbitration may be appointed in certain cases, its function is merely to offer independent advice to the Government of India, with whom the decision

rests." The only exception that can now be taken to the wording of this principle is that the term 'Government of India' will have a different meaning from what it then had. It is the Governor-General as representing the Crown that is meant and not the Government of India as envisaged under Federation. While that is clear enough, yet it may be that since the Princes now know that the Crown may but mean a Socialist Secretary of State with no background of knowledge to inspire him, he must be replaced by some other authority as the Crown's advisers in its relations with the Princes; possibly the Judicial body of the Privy Council.

Some of the Princes have asked that their instruments of accession should rehearse any special rights that their treaties ensure them, and though this is not necessary yet their wishes could easily be met.

It should be understood that the instrument of accession is to specify the subjects which the Indian ruler releases from his control to the Federal Government. In many cases it but includes subjects such as main railways, post offices, customs, etc., which have long been handed to the Central Government. The Ruler is not under any compulsion as to the matters in which he will assign his rights, but the Crown may refuse to accept his accession should his list be unduly conservative. In all other matters he retains his treaty rights, as a dictator, subject to the indefinable rights of the Paramount Power to order his action. While all rulers are jealous of the absoluteness of their power in their own territories, all have a very definite idea of what is suitable and what must not be done, and many have introduced democratic institutions commensurate with the stage of intelligence attained by their subjects.

Another matter that will delay the final stage of Federation is that the ministers of many of the States have advised their rulers that it will be well to be quite sure what financial liabilities on state revenues adhesion may induce.

In any case, if the Coronation in India is to inaugurate Federation, there will be no possibility, it would seem, of

that latter stage being reached in 1937, and 1938 is a safer year. It has been said that their Highnesses are playing for time, having no wish to be connected with a Government of India that has a Congress majority dancing to a Jowahir Lal tune.

In this, our year of Coronation, in which many of the Princes will take part, it cannot be too strongly emphasized or too thoroughly understood that the Crown is the commanding influence in maintaining the new Indian structure, and the cement by which all will be held together. Further, it is the Crown as a personality or as near a personality as it can be made, that matters, and not party politicians with theories hidden behind a dummy Crown.

Because the Indian custom is one of personal fealty to a personal ruler, and because in the case of the Princes the feudal and chivalrous instincts are inherent in no uncertain manner, the Crown stands out as the essential cement in a magnificent but otherwise fissiparous Confederation. With the Princes themselves it is, much as King James I said of the bishops, "No bishops (to anoint the Crown), no King," and its parallel is, " No Crown, no Princes." Devotion to the Crown from loyal as well as personal motives is equally secured. During the World War many of the older Princes took the field, and gained close personal touch with King George V, deepening thereby that personal regard and reverence which makes the Crown the moral as well as the essential cement in the structure.

Country Life 150 Years Ago Thomas Bewick, the Northumbrian Cobbett

By G. E. Fussell

In imagination things are never what they were. Nowadays some of us look back to the halcyon, but almost forgotten, days before the War. At the end of his life Thomas Bewick looked back to his childhood before the wars of his time from 1792 to 1814 as a time of happiness. Cobbett, much better known because he was a political writer and not an engraver of country life, beasts, birds, and fishes, felt the same common human emotion. Both these, the engraver and the writer, men living in the same age, had seen great changes. The essential difference between them was that one was turbulent and the other peaceful.

Both were strong men, pertinacious and sincere and of a self discipline that is almost incredible in these days, men of a type bound to carry their enterprises to a successful conclusion. Truly there were giants in those days, and Bewick's own account of his way of life is a picture of sheer hardihood that could only have been possible to a man of iron constitution.

"This," he says in his *Memoir*, "is the short account of many years of uninterrupted health, buoyant spirits, and of great happiness to me. I had begun betimes, and by degrees, to habituate myself to temperance and exercise, which hardened the constitution to such a pitch that neither wet nor cold had any bad effect upon me. On setting out upon my weekly 'flights' up the Tyne (from Newcastle to Cherryburn) I never looked out to see whether it was a good day or a bad one; the worst that ever fell from the skies never deterred me from undertaking my journey. On setting out, I always waded through the first pool I met with and had sometimes the river to wade through at the end. I never changed my clothes, however they might be soaked with wet, or stiffened by the frost, on my returning home

at night, till I went to bed. I had inured myself to this hardship, by always sleeping with my windows open, by which a thorough air, as well as the snow, blew through my room. In this way I lay down, rolled in a blanket, upon a mattress as hard as I could make it. Notwithstanding this mode of treating myself, I never had any ailment, even in the shape of a cold, while I continued to live in this way; nor did I experience any difference until, when I married, I was obliged to alter my plans, and to live and behave like other folk."

It was Bewick's habit after his journeys to Cherryburn to go to Elswick Lane in the mornings to drink whey or buttermilk, and he commonly fell in with a party going there on the same errand. This he continued to do long after he ceased to go to Cherryburn. Maybe the latest efforts to increase milk-drinking will lead to a similar pursuit in our more sophisticated modern urbanites.

The general conduct of his life was not the limit of Bewick's originality. He carried it into details. In an age when the heavy drinking of alcoholic beverages was an ordinary part of normal diet he was almost an abstainer. He records the first occasions on which he drank beer, gin, and so on, and they were late in life judged by the common usage of his day. Such a man was bound to be interested in food, and his remarks are a good record of some of the habits of his contemporaries. On a walk from Newcastle to Berwick at Easter, 1784, he and a friend had got to Chevington, beyond Widdrington, without breaking their fast, so he " was quite ready to make a hearty meal upon some dry barley cake and cheese, whilst my companion, with equal pleasure, enjoyed himself with hearty draughts of ale."

The eating of barley cake or dumplings seems to have been common among the poorer classes of those times, and their ordinary diet was very restricted. A collier, an estimable and worthy man in Bewick's eyes, because he was willing to turn his hand to any job and do it without grumbling or thinking it hard, got a living of only the poorest kind. " Bread, potatoes and oatmeal was the only provender he kept by him; and with milk or water he

finished his repasts (but he compensated his parsimony). When, by this mode of living, he had saved the overplus of his money for a month or six weeks, he then posted off to Newcastle to spend it in beer ; and this he called " lowsening his skin."

Bewick did not see anything very wrong in this, although he calls the collier a " misguided man." Some ten years before, in 1774, he went with his father at Christmas to collect the money due to him for coals. In those happy days " The countenances of all, both high and low, beamed with cheerfulness ; and this was heightened everywhere by the music of old tunes, from the well-known exhilarating, wild notes of the Northumberland pipes. This altogether left an impression on my mind that the cares of the world have never effaced from it. The gentry, the farmers, and even the working people of that day had their Christmas home-brewed ale, made only from malt and hops. This was before the pernicious use of chemical compounds was known (how many modern beer-drinkers have said the same thing ?) or agricultural improvements had quickened the eyes of landlords, banished many small farmers, soured their faces, and altered for the worse the characters of those that remained."

A man who felt like this could not but look back to the rustic home of his childhood with longing. Many did, but few have left so vivid a description of it as Bewick. " Cherryburn House, the place of my nativity," he writes, " and which for many years my eyes beheld with cherished delight, is situated on the south side of the Tyne, in the county of Northumberland, a short distance from the river. The house, stables, &c., stand on the west side of a little dean, at the foot of which runs a burn. The dean was embellished with a number of cherry and plum trees, which were terminated by a garden on the north. At the south end of the premises was a spring well, overhung by a large hawthorn bush, behind which was a holly hedge ; and further away was a little boggy dean, with underwood and trees of different kinds. The cornfields and pastures to the eastward were surrounded with very large oak and ash trees . . . " (since stubbed up).

" To the westward, adjoining the house, lay the common

or fell, which extended some few miles in length, and was of various breadths. It was mostly fine, green sward or pasturage, broken or divided, indeed, with clumps of ' blossom'd whins,' foxglove, fern, and some junipers, and with heather in profusion, sufficient to scent the whole air."

It was on such wild commons that the lowest rank in the rural society of the time found their subsistence. These, the sturdy peasantry, who held much the highest place in Bewick's esteem, as the labourers of the south did in Cobbett's, found on this ancient heritage of the poor men grazing for a few sheep, a Kyloe cow, perhaps a flock of geese, and mostly a stock of beehives. Squatting on the commons seems to have been allowed in Bewick's neighbourhood, although it was frowned on in the south. The more sparsely populated north needed population, and in spite of the Law of Settlement was willing to make its rules a bit elastic to get men. One of Bewick's father's colliers gained for himself a great reputation for industry, sobriety, and honesty. This man was given a home in one of the old lodges of the estate " and a garth besides was taken off the common for his use. For these he often expressed himself as so highly pleased that he used to say he was happier than a prince."

This was by no means an isolated event. Other squatters on the common were numerous, and their cottages or hovels were scattered over the waste. The majority did not have the good luck to get a disused lodge to live in. Their tiny cottages were built at their own expense and mainly by their own labour. Attached to the cottage was a garth and a garden, taken in from the common, " upon which great pains and labour were bestowed to make both productive ; and for this purpose not a bit of manure was suffered to be wasted away on the ' lonnings ' or public roads. These various concerns excited the attention and industry of the hardy occupants, which enabled them to prosper and made them despise being ever numbered with the parish poor." Bewick's opinion of this class may have been true in Northumberland, but it was not shared by his fellows in other districts. The life of a squatter was very hard and the gains small. Many people believed, or so they put on record, that

such tiny holdings and small stocks of cattle could not keep a family. The result was that while the woman and elder children did the work the father became a poacher or worse, and idled his time away in unprofitable occupations, suffering a burden of poverty and misery that would have been mitigated if the squatter's minute holding were taken from him and he were forced to work as a labourer.

Bewick has nothing but admiration for the class. "Most of these poor men," he says, "from their having little intercourse with the world, were in all their actions and behaviour truly original; and except reading the Bible, local histories, and old ballads, their knowledge was generally limited." The character sketches which follow prove his point if they are not too carefully selected. It is certain, indeed, that the circumstances in which these men lived gave every encouragement to the development of individuality and to the exaggeration of any idiosyncrasy.

The farmers and lairds were not so pleasing to his eye, but that may have been due to prejudice. He hated inefficiency and failure. His own words are: "The farmers of the neighbourhood, at the early time which I have been describing, always appeared to me to be not of so intelligent a cast as the poor labouring men. Their minds being more exclusively occupied with the management of their farms, they read but little. They were mostly of a kind and hospitable disposition, and well-intentioned, plain, plodding men, who went jogging on in their several occupations as their fathers had done before them."

"The next advance in society were the Lairds, who lived upon their own lands. I have always through life been of opinion that there is no business of any kind that can be compared to that of a man who farms his own land. It appears to me that every earthly pleasure, with health, is within his reach. But numbers of these men were grossly ignorant, and in exact proportion to that ignorance they were sure to be offensively proud. . . . There were many of these Lairds on Tyneside . . . many . . . by their misdirected pride and folly were driven into towns, to slide away into nothingness, and to sink into oblivion, while their "ha'-houses" (halls), that ought to have remained in their

families from generation to generation have mouldered away."

All these persons seem to have been educated in the village school, although Bewick does not say definitely that the Lairds were. As he was the son of a man who employed a fair amount of labour, it is likely that all the local inhabitants got the same kind of schooling in their early years. And such schools were often pretty bad. Bewick himself was sent to Mickly School at a very early age to keep him out of mischief, a precaution which, according to his own account, was very necessary. He did not make much progress and when the character of the master is taken into account that is not surprising. The man did not like the boy and frequently thrashed him, in an attempt to beat in some knowledge. This was his common method, the schoolmaster walking about the schoolroom with the "tawse" or a switch in his hand. The master had been chosen without any trouble to find out whether he knew anything, or could teach it if he did. Bewick put an end to this part of his education by a violent revolution when he was being flogged. A new schoolmaster was soon after appointed, a horse of quite another colour, and Bewick's education proceeded satisfactorily until he went to study under a clergyman at Ovingdean School.

Men of the type Bewick describes, who had been brought up at such schools, were not likely to farm in a very spirited fashion. At the time of which Bewick was writing the main dependence of the hill farmer was sheep, although there were stretches of arable land in the lower reaches of the Tyne. These sheep, when he saw them, filled Bewick with joy, and he contrasted the peaceful occupation of the border shepherd with the fierceness of his foraying ancestors on either side of the line. He gives few enough details of the way of management.

In his early youth he had some experience in looking after a small flock of sheep, part of which was his own. The winter storms usually found this flock sheltered under a steep "brae" overhung with whins, and to this spot he was obliged to carry a bundle of hay upon his back and a pocketful of oats to feed the flock. Although usually wild he

found the animals tame enough in these circumstances. The difficulty of getting to them and their instinct for a sheltered spot leads him to propose artificial shelters of double rows of whin hedges grown so as to meet at the top and form an arch. He thought the sheep would instinctively make for such a place at the onset of a storm, especially in the lambing season. The shepherd's hovel could be built in one corner and thatched with ling and straw strongly enough to defy the weather.

Feed was not too plentiful on the hills, and one of the young man's jobs in the spring was to go out early in the morning to cut off the last year's sprouts of the whins. These were laid by till evening while he was at school, and then bruised with a wooden " mell " in a stone trough till of the consistency of soft, wet grass. Horses were fed on this, but cows would not take it, although in a hard season Bewick had " known all hands at work in cutting ivy from the trees, and even small ash twigs, to be given to the cattle as fodder." Most modern farmers would be very chary of giving ivy to their cattle, whatever the shortage of feed, and there is but a minute proportion of nutrient in leaves. Another spring-time job of Bewick's early days is familiar enough to the modern grassland farmer. He was " set to work to ' scale ' the pasture and meadows ; that is, to spread the mole-hills over the surface of the ground." Bewick had to do this by hand, but to-day the work is not so laborious as that.

Every farmer, however orthodox and traditional in his methods, benefited by the high prices resulting from the War, and Bewick was infinitely scandalized by their behaviour. The increase in wealth of the landowners and farmers added to their price and distorted their outlook so that the class distinctions, hitherto recognised but not painful, became emphasized and marked by disdain for men's poorer fellows. The gentry became more aristocratic and remote, and the farmers tried, inadequately, to ape the gentry. " Pride and folly then became personified," says Bewick severely. " When peace came, it brought with it a sudden fall in the price of corn ; but the taxes continuing the same to them, and rents still keeping high, they, with

few exceptions, suddenly experienced a woeful change. I cannot say, after seeing so much of their folly, that I was sorry for them; for they mostly deserved this reverse of fortune." Bewick was, however, very sympathetic to the sufferings of the poor labourer on whom the results of the fall in price pressed most heavily.

The war prosperity had encouraged vast schemes of agricultural improvements, some of which had begun in earlier and more peaceful days, but were more rapidly developed after the War broke out. Bewick was not altogether in favour of these, and one of the most general, the enclosure of the common lands, received nothing but condemnation from him. Cobbett, it will be remembered, felt the same way. Bewick would have preferred " the lands commonly attached to townships " to have been continued as such, " and let in small portions to mechanics and labourers (his favourite class) instead of dividing them by Act of Parliament among those who already had too much . . . the good effects to the community would have been soon felt." These people would have added to the race of squatters and would have been as independent and industrious as they, or that is Bewick's opinion.

Many of the other methods of improvement are equally condemned, but Bewick is prepared to admit that all this activity had some good results. He says " Societies for the promotion and premiums for the encouragement of various desiderata blazed forth over a great part of the kingdom. Cattle, sheep, horses and swine, all of which were called 'live stock,' occupied a great deal of attention, and in the improvement of the various breeds agriculturalists succeeded to a certain extent, and in some cases, perhaps, to a great extent. And yet I cannot help thinking that they often suffered their whimsies to overshoot the mark, and in many instances to lead them on to the ridiculous."

He has a good word to say for his friends Messrs. Bailey and Culley, who are recognized as great cattle breeders of the day but, being an artist, he was often placed in a quandary when asked to draw the various improved animals. He was, for instance, asked to make drawings of cattle and sheep to be engraved for the Report on Durham

farming which was then being prepared for the series issued by the old Board of Agriculture. After he had made drawings of the fat sheep he saw they were not approved. There was at the time a " rage " for fat cattle and the beasts were fed up to as great a weight and bulk as possible, " but this was not enough," complains Bewick, " they were to be figured monstrously fat before the owners of them could be pleased. Painters were found who were quite subservient to this guidance, and nothing else would satisfy. Many of these paintings will mark the times, and by the exaggerated productions of the artists, serve to be laughed at when the folly and self-interested motives which gave birth to them are done away." Anyone who has looked at the paintings of which Bewick is writing will have had some such suspicion in his mind, and, when the general sense of Bewick's outlook is taken into account, the suspicion is fairly well confirmed.

In two other respects Bewick's views were in advance of his day. He was strongly opposed to the atrociously severe game laws of the time, and he believed that an outgoing tenant should receive compensation for unexhausted improvements. Both these matters have since been remedied.

The picture of country life in Northumberland before the Napoleonic Wars which Bewick has left us is quite definite. The life was hard and exacting to a degree. The financial reward was not large. The people were nevertheless content in their circumstances, and while the classes were well-defined there was enough mutual humanity to render class distinctions almost innocuous from the social point of view.

With English Public-School Boys in Lapland

By E. H. Keeling, M.C., M.P.

THE talk was incessantly of food—except on the march, when loads were heavy and there was little breath for speech. In camp the subject never palled, and this was hardly surprising. Take a boy from his home and school, with their four square and unlimited meals a day; give him hard physical toil, amid much rain and frost, on a "ration" which, though ample for strength and health, is strictly limited and quite different in form from what he has been accustomed to; and it would be strange if the demands of his stomach did not banish other thoughts. He became phenomenally fit, but remained hungry. So the conversation revolved always round the next meal, and the proportion of the day's ration which would be in it; the prospects of acquiring extra food in the shape of fish or bilberries; and the chances (usually remote) of buying milk or potatoes at a Lapp farm. When these topics had been debated *ad nauseam* the talk would turn to the meals to be eaten on return to civilization.

Nearly everybody kept a diary, and the same thread ran through each. One which was lent to me to read set out in detail

> "the eggs and the ham
> and the strawberry jam
> the rollicking bun
> and the gay Sally Lunn"

with which the owner would regale himself and his friends at the first beano he gave after his return to school. Explorers not only march on their stomachs, like soldiers, but dream about them, and the records of polar expeditions show that the phenomenon is not confined to schoolboys.

It was the fifth expedition of the Public Schools Exploring Society, the association founded by Surgeon Commander Murray Levick, who was with Scott in the Antarctic in 1910. On retiring from the Royal Navy he conceived the admirable idea of taking a party of public-school boys every year during the summer holidays to as

remote a part of the world as could be visited in the seven weeks available. This period is not too short for mapping to be done, for magnetic and meteorologic readings to be taken, and for botanical, ornithological and entomological collections to be made for the Natural History Museum. But these are not really the main purposes of the expeditions. Their primary object is to teach boys to fend for themselves, to rough it, and to enjoy roughing it; to give them an opportunity to "prove their guts" and toughen themselves in the face of fatigue, discomfort and difficulties presented by Nature herself; and at the same time to acquaint them with the joys of an existence far away from cities, in the wilds, where life is simple.

There had been two previous expeditions to Finland, and two to Newfoundland. This year's venture was on a bigger scale than any of them. Nearly a hundred boys came from the public schools. Those which sent the largest contingents were Rugby (twelve), Wellington (eleven), Eton (six), Oundle (six) and Harrow (five), but almost every other well-known school was represented. Four Finnish schoolboys were invited, on the nomination of their Government.

Following the example set by the Duke of York in his annual summer camp, King George's Jubilee Trust provided funds which enabled the Society to invite six working-class boys to join the expedition. Two of them were still at school, one was a welder, another a riveter, another a printer's apprentice, and the last a colliery boy from Pontypridd. They had camped a good many times in England, but gave one the impression that the camp routine of boys' clubs, with its oil stoves and professional cooks, is sometimes a little too sophisticated. Life in the wilderness was an entirely new experience for their members. Needless to say, the mixing of two social classes was good for both.

The senior members of the party included, besides Surgeon Commander Murray Levick himself, seven serving or retired army officers and four undergraduates. The presence of no less than five doctors relieved the anxieties of parents, and as the work was to be carried out by

parties widely separated from one another this number was not excessive. The personnel was completed by a wireless operator (known, of course, as Sparks) from the Royal Navy, and by a Finnish interpreter.

The Expedition was split into two divisions—a senior one for boys over 17 years old and a junior for those of between 15½ and 17. The senior division's objective was the extreme north of Finnish Lapland, and its principal task was to make magnetic observations along the seventieth parallel of latitude, 233 miles north of the Arctic Circle, on both sides of the Finno-Norwegian frontier. The junior division worked further to the east and south, on the Finno-Soviet frontier (but always on the Finnish side), about forty miles north of the Arctic Circle. The writer accompanied the senior party, seventy in number, and will describe only their experiences.

Food really was important. Except for the widely scattered Lapp farms, the country we were to traverse was uninhabited, and no transport could be counted on beyond a certain point. We should have to carry everything on our backs. It was therefore necessary to work out food values in relation to weight and bulk; to provide for the proper proportions of protein, carbohydrate and fat; to consider vitamin content; and to guard against decomposition. The daily ration on the march weighed nearly two pounds and was made up as follows:

Wholemeal biscuits specially baked for the expedition, containing not more than 8 per cent. of water: 12 ounces.
Cheese: 4 ounces.
Smoked and dried reindeer meat ("pemmican"): 3 ounces.
Margarine containing vitamins A and D: 2 ounces.
Sugar, dried peas, oatmeal, chocolate: 2 ounces of each.
Raisins: 1 ounce.
Tea: one-eighth of an ounce.
Salt: one-quarter of an ounce.

This ration contains about 3,400 calories—the quantity suggested by the Nutrition Committee of the British Medical Association as "the daily requirement of a *man* of average

stature leading a healthy life with moderate muscular exertion."

The mainstay of every meal was the biscuits, a very hard army kind, weighing two ounces apiece, but quite palatable, though a severe trial for the teeth. The pemmican and the peas, after being well soaked and then boiled together, made an excellent evening " hoosh " (a mysterious word coined in the Antarctic), which was ladled out into pint mugs, direct from the aluminium cooking pots in which everything was cooked over the camp fires. The vitaminized margarine tasted as good as butter. Tea without milk was drunk at every meal, and its power of removing fatigue was astonishing. Two or three lumps of sugar towards the end of a long day sometimes worked wonders also on a tired boy.

The daily ration was eked out by bilberries and later by cranberries. Both fruits contain an abundance of vitamin C, and no other protection against scurvy was necessary, but in case they should be unobtainable a supply of vitamin C tablets was carried. Actually the bilberries never failed, and some of them were as big as small grapes. In Lapland the crop must be many million times the consumption. Another local product, used with success in the " hoosh," was a kind of toadstool guaranteed by the Lapps to be non-poisonous.

Many grayling and trout were caught in the lakes and rivers. One boy—the printer's apprentice—caught 180 fish, including many three-pounders, during the four and a half weeks the Expedition spent in Lapland. He got twenty-two in one day—more, he said, than in his whole life before! The flies which had most successes were the *march brown* and the *silver doctor*.

Our instruments—lent chiefly by the Admiralty and the Royal Geographical Society—comprised a dip circle, compasses (prismatic and liquid), barometers, thermometers, theodolites, chronometers and cameras, including three film cameras. Several naturalist's guns (.410) were carried. Botanical, ornithological and entomological gear was supplied by the Natural History Museum. Wireless sets were taken, by leave of the Finnish Government, to

maintain contact between the senior and junior divisions and with the Admiralty in London.

The tents were of green rainproof cotton sheeting. Each weighed, with poles and aluminium pegs, only 13 lbs., but would hold five boys, packed like sardines head to tail. The skirtings were made extra wide, so that logs could be laid along them to keep out the draught, and flaps of mosquito netting were fitted in front. During the first three weeks in Lapland mosquitoes were extremely troublesome. Each member of the Expedition carried a kapok sleeping-bag and two blankets sewn together. The thermometer often fell below freezing-point, and once when it read 22° Fahrenheit the tents were frozen so stiff that they remained standing after the poles had been removed. But by getting into all our spare clothes we usually managed to keep fairly warm.

Clothing for marches included a windproof jacket made of Grenfell cloth, with zip fastener, an oilskin cape, khaki trousers, and knee boots which after frequent oiling proved reasonably waterproof when fording streams. Every boy carried a canvas kitbag strapped above a waterproof rucksack fitted with a Bergen frame, which enables a heavy weight to be borne with as much comfort as possible.

Travelling by sea to Helsinki (Helsingfors), and thence by rail, the senior division reached Rovaniemi, the gate of Lapland, on the sixth day from Hull. The following day was spent in motor buses, which deposited the party at a tiny hamlet called Kaamanen, west of Lake Inari and 170 miles north of the Arctic Circle. Thence we marched due north to the site selected for a base camp, five miles distant. It was on a pine-covered hill rising steeply from the River Kaamasjoki, whose rapids, half a mile away, sounded exactly like an express train.

Campcraft is one of the chief things a boy learns on these expeditions. The party was divided into five messes or "fires," called Bush, Gun, Hell, Home and Spit Fire. Each was under one of the leaders already mentioned, but much the most important people were the two boys who in turns were cooks for the day. It was their task to rise early, to soak the porridge oatmeal, to fetch water in

canvas buckets from lake or river, to collect firewood, to start a good fire, to keep it going, to cook without burning the food, to wash up, and to bury litter in pits. The same sort of thing had to be done for dinner and supper, and to keep twelve hungry boys satisfied was a whole-time job. The penalty for failure was a sufficient deterrent ; the cooks got bad meals themselves. Wet weather made no difference, and nobody who has managed to light a fire in pouring rain is likely to forget how he did it. In Lapland you hack out some chips from the bole of a pine tree, put a match to them, add sopping wet birch logs, and in the absence of bellows blow with your lungs. If you are outside the region of conifers you use the bark of a birch tree instead of the pine chips.

In Northern Lapland, birches are everywhere plentiful, but they are usually stunted and sometimes so small as to be more like currant bushes than trees. Birch rods are not much utilized now for corporal punishment ; if they were, Lapland would indeed be a schoolmaster's paradise.

Bundles of birch twigs *are* universally used in Finland for whipping—not, however, on a stool of correction but in the *sauna* or bath found in every household of Finns on the country side and in most Lapp farms. The bath consists of a small log hut, containing a pile of stones and a wooden shelf. A wood fire is made under the stones, and when they become hot water is dashed upon them, causing steam to rise in clouds. The bather seats himself on the shelf, where the ascending heat is greatest, and belabours himself with a birch whisk until the dirt flows off in rivers of sweat. About ten minutes of this is enough for most people, and a bucket of cold water or a plunge into the nearest lake or river ends the proceedings.

Except for rivers, lakes, bogs and the high naked fells, the whole of Finnish Lapland is covered with trees of one sort or another, but in the parts which we visited, remote from the railway, no attempt is made to put them to commercial use. Everywhere countless thousands of dead trees—grey, black and white—lie among, or lean against, thriving ones, their roots torn from the ground, their bark scaled away, their trunks and branches bleaching and

rotting. Eventually the mauve and white reindeer moss will grow over them and they will be absorbed in the earth to fertilize new seedlings. The dead trees are a blot—the only one—on the Lapp picture of forest and water, of unspoiled nature, of freshness and purity. But they and the reindeer give the landscape that wildness for which an explorer is ever craving. He is sensitive about this: a genial terrain makes him quite miserable!

Three days after the base camp had been established the whole party, except four boys who were left to man it, marched north. Only one small Lapp horse-drawn cart and one pack-horse could be found for transport, and almost the whole of the food, tents and other equipment had to be carried in packs. Three parties of picked boys, with a total strength of thirty-two, were to cross the frontier sixty-five miles to the north, and must be self-contained for thirteen days thereafter. The other boys formed six supporting camps at intervals of about ten miles along the line, and carried food up by a kind of shuttle service, for their own sustenance and for supplying the three exploring parties on their return.

To ensure that food should be available at each camp at the right time and in the right proportions was a difficult problem which necessitated nice calculations and very heavy loads—ranging up to as much as eighty pounds. (The load of a British infantry soldier in full marching order is only forty.) In theory the kitbag and rucksack made a neat pack, but in practice this was festooned by all sorts of things which would not go inside: pots, pans, axes and other impedimenta. With such a burden, the usual routine was fifteen minutes' marching followed by five minutes' halt, and the average distance covered in a day was ten miles. As food was consumed, the packs got lighter, but also conditions became worse. Peat bogs were very frequent, and in traversing them every step seemed like lifting a load of lead. Finns travelling alone sometimes perish in these morasses.

A few miles after leaving the base camp the cart proved more trouble than it was worth. While crossing a small stream the horse fell over into a bog, got its neck wedged

under a boulder, and began to sink deeper and deeper in the peat. With some difficulty it was dragged out by a rope, but in the meantime the load of supplies had been submerged in the water and much precious sugar was damaged. The following day was a nightmare for those in charge of the cart. Every piece of harness seemed to break in turn, and the going became so bad that at length the cart was abandoned and its load distributed among the packs.

The frontier between Finland and Norway is the river called Tana by the Norwegians and Tenojoki by the Finns, and an advanced base was established at the confluence of this river with its Finnish tributary the Utsjoki. Here the three parties crossed into Norway.

The country between the frontier and the Arctic was found to be without settled habitation, though there were occasional tracks of nomad Lapps.

One party, numbering fourteen, on reaching the seventieth parallel of latitude struck due east along it, crossing and recrossing the frontier, which is in the happy position of having no guards, customs or passport formalities. The country became hillier and barer. Desolate wind-swept ridges of grey granite, rising to 2,000 feet above sea level, alternated with deep gorges. Vegetation, mostly scrub, grew only on the south and west slopes, the northern faces being covered either with tundra moss or with moraine too much exposed for even moss to grow. The going was largely over marsh or boulders—a severe test of endurance. On the third day some of the boys went up to their waists in a slimy bog; but no one failed, on being pulled out, to laugh at the struggles of those still engulfed. Three days later the party found itself at the edge of a canyon, with a sheer drop of about 300 feet to a river. A search disclosed a deep fissure or chimney running down the face of the cliff, and everybody made the descent without injury. At length the Arctic Sea was reached at the Bay of Gandviken, on the Varanger Fjord, latitude 70° 8′, longitude 29° 15′. This party travelled 140 miles.

Another party, twelve strong, marched north-west over barren and desolate country—a tangled mass of broken

rock, without any vegetation except lichen. They reached a pass 2,475 feet above sea level, between Mount Rastegaissa and Mount Sceidna, but were stopped by a north wind which came through the pass with hurricane force, funnelled by the mountains on either side. Heavy rain kept the party in their camp for twenty-four hours.

Between them these eastern and western parties made azimuth observations for compass variation along the seventieth degree of latitude for about eighty miles. Observations for dip were made over the western half of this distance, and also southwards for sixty miles from the advanced base.

A third party, consisting of three undergraduates, went due north from the frontier. They were hampered by heavy rain, found very little fuel, and suffered much discomfort, but reached the Arctic at the foot of the Lakse inlet.

While these three parties were at work, the boys along the line of communication between the base camp and the advanced base were busy carrying up food to the various supporting camps. This task accomplished, they were free to make expeditions of their own, east and west of the line, and the responsibility which was thrust upon them, in the absence of the leaders further north, was enthusiastically shouldered. These boys collected most of the birds whose skins (some of which were stuffed) the Expedition brought back to the Natural History Museum.

Birds in Northern Lapland are comparatively easy to observe and secure, being unused to human attentions. Seventy-one species were noted. Bramblings, Siberian tits and redwings were common, and the Siberian jay was very pertinacious in cadging for food round the camp fires. Other interesting birds seen were bluethroats, grosbeaks, woodpeckers (northern great spotted, lesser spotted, and three-toed), cranes, red-throated pipits, and redpolls. Of the birds of prey, rough-legged buzzards were numerous and the golden eagle was seen three times. Capercailzie, willow-grouse, ptarmigan, snipe, geese (bean, brent and barnacle), and duck of various kinds were plentiful. Two great northern divers were observed.

One boy, who was an expert entomologist, made a large collection of insects for the Natural History Museum. They were almost entirely aquatic. Many different species of caddis fly were found on the banks of the rivers and lakes.

During the last days at the base camp we were busy acquiring reindeer skins, gloves and boots from the Lapps, who in their picturesque dark blue cloaks with red trimmings came in from distant farms to see us. Unfortunately, we had brought little or no money, and though prices were very low we could not pay them. Then somebody discovered that the Lapps were willing and eager to barter, whereupon trade became brisk. A fine reindeer coat was secured in exchange for two woollen scarves and an old shirt, a pair of fur gloves for a pair of socks, and reindeer boots for somewhat tattered khaki trousers. Even empty tins were in great demand.

These commercial transactions were not the only relationships which established a friendly Anglo-Lapp feeling. Our doctors gave a good deal of medical treatment and extracted many teeth. We parted from a simple, honest, charming, and by no means uncultivated people with many regrets.

On arrival at Helsinki, it was found that in spite of the deep-rooted belief that we had been half starved in camp, everybody had put on weight! But we certainly were hungry, and our ship, which took on board in Finland a supply of food normally sufficient for the passage to England *and back*, had very little left when she reached Hull.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

It has not always been too easy this last month to see the wood for the trees. At home there have been strikes and threats of strikes, as well as the utterances of irresponsible clerics (in the circumstances it is a relief to hear that there is not to be a sermon at the Coronation); while abroad there has been the agreement between Italy and Jugo-Slavia, and the declared reluctance of Belgium to go tiger-hunting in company with Messrs. Eden, Blum, and Litvinoff. The precise relation between these various events has too often been ignored, especially by that section of the Press which professes to support the Government: a support, incidentally, which did not prevent it from selling advertisement space to the Socialists on the day of the London County Council elections.

In a very short time there will be a new Prime Minister in this country, and it is most sincerely to be hoped that there will also be a new Foreign Secretary. Readers of the ENGLISH REVIEW do not need to be reminded of the long succession of blunders that have marked Mr. Eden's tenure of office, or of the rebuffs which his policy has inflicted upon the prestige of Great Britain. If they did require to be so reminded, the events of the last few weeks should serve the purpose. By the invitation to Haile Selassie to the Coronation, the Foreign Secretary, in defiance of an Anglo-Italian agreement upon which the ink was scarcely dry, threw Italy into the arms of Germany, and now Belgium and Jugo-Slavia have intimated in no uncertain terms that they prefer Rome and Berlin to London and Paris. It is not so many years since a statesman would have found it difficult to remain in public life after such a *gaffe*, coming, as it did, so soon after the Sanctions fiasco.

The Basis of Policy

THOSE who support the present policy of the Foreign Office claim for it that never since the war have France and Great Britain worked so closely together as at the

present time, and they contrast the harmony of to-day with the tension of yesterday, when M. Laval was in office. It is true that London and Paris are closer together than for many a long year, but our other friends are falling away almost daily, while France herself is becoming progressively weaker. The chaotic internal condition of that country is being deliberately concealed from the British electorate, which is doubtless surprised to read of one nation after another preferring the support of Germany and Italy. It is exceedingly doubtful whether France is as strong now as she was in 1914, let alone in 1870. She will, of course, revive as she has always done, but not under her present rulers.

However much one may disagree with Mr. Eden, it cannot be denied that he believes he is working for the good of his country and of the world. One is almost tempted to quote the words of Cromwell to the Scottish clergy, "I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken." The risks that are being run owing to the blindness of the present Foreign Secretary are too hideous to contemplate.

As Others See Us

As Mr. Garvin very wisely commented in the *Observer* a week or two ago: "It is a strange fact that despite the march of progress . . . there is more mutual ignorance between nations to-day than at any former period of modern history." That observation is profoundly true, and the sooner such a state of affairs comes to an end the better for the prospects of peace. The following extracts from the letter of a foreign correspondent will, in the circumstances, probably come as a surprise to many English readers, but they express a point of view which is widely held in Right circles on the Continent:—

"The English policy of supporting the Reds is quite incomprehensible. One asks for nothing better than an explanation from the English themselves, but as that is not forthcoming, one is driven to look for it, and what one finds is deplorable. England thought she could live on her past prestige. Germany was reduced by the Treaty of

Versailles to a position of inferiority, and, before Hitler, was poor and chaotic. Italy was slighted by the same Treaty, and was, besides, in a state of disorder after an exhausting war waged by feeble administrations. All this admirably suited the English desire for domination.

"To-day the hegemony of England is not so easily assured. In the West of Europe all is still well, for Spain is in flames, and France is disturbed, divided against herself, and susceptible to pressure. It is in Central Europe that danger threatens, and where English predominance must be asserted, if possible without firing a shot. England, in spite of her rearmament, does not want war if she can avoid it. On that point her pacifist professions are sincere."

A Sinister Accusation

THE letter continues: "But England has an unexpected ally—Communism. If this monster, vanquished in Italy and Germany, but which has made enormous progress everywhere, even in Switzerland, can carry the day in the two countries that have resisted; if disorder, misery, and civil war can be made to replace unity and progress, and Fascism and National Socialism overthrown; how simple it will all be! England will be in a position to dominate the rest of Europe."

All this is, of course, but the modern version of a legend that was spread at the time of the French Revolution, until it was replaced by another to the opposite effect, and "Pitt's gold" became the bogey of the Jacobins. It also overlooks the fact that we are a commercial nation, and that peace and order on the Continent are essential for our prosperity. These considerations, however, are beside the point, for what matters is not how much truth there is in the allegations, but how far they are believed. In this wicked world it is not much use avoiding evil unless one also avoids the appearance of it, and in this the Foreign Office has of late signally failed. It is high time that steps were taken to reassure the Right elements on the Continent that Great Britain does not entertain the projects so widely imputed to her.

The State of France

It is the weakness of France, not the strength of Germany, that is the real danger to the balance of power. She is rent assunder by feuds for a parallel to which one would have to go back to the Fronde or the Wars of Religion, and the present Government is at the mercy of the extreme Left. It no longer makes even a pretence of administering the country impartially. When the Communists prevent the Right from holding a meeting at Clichy, and bloodshed ensues, it is the leaders of the Right who are put upon their trial. The old French village which is being erected in the grounds of the Paris Exhibition is not to include a church for fear of displeasing the anti-clericals. These examples might be multiplied a hundred times, and they are disquieting evidence of the internal chaos of a country that is almost our last friend on the mainland of Europe.

Abroad, the whole policy of France has been built up on a system of alliances which has now crashed to the ground. No one can seriously believe that Poland, Rumania, and Jugo-Slavia would fight for France and Russia against Germany and Italy; at the best they would remain neutral. As for Czecho-Slovakia, she is a liability rather than an asset. If it be objected that Russia is every day becoming less Communist, then her neighbours have no reason to fear any less the great Slav Power into which she may develop. It is the more curious that the Quai d'Orsay should be so partial to foreign alliances, for they have stood France in bad stead in the past, and led to the loss of her first colonial empire. They may well prove as fatal in the twentieth century as they did in the eighteenth.

Belgian Neutrality

The visit of King Leopold to London emphasized the desire of every Belgian, irrespective of party, to preserve the neutrality of his country if at all possible when war comes again. The French have been too inclined to assume that Belgium must of necessity be on their side, thus ignoring the fact that if she becomes engaged in hostilities she must inevitably suffer, whatever the result. This is a bitter pill for Paris, and, to a lesser extent, for

London to swallow, but no one who is acquainted with Belgian public opinion can doubt but that there was no other line for the King to take. France is becoming increasingly unpopular with her neighbour, for a strongly Catholic people has no love for the Pink administration of M. Blum. It is also felt that, with the lesson of 1914 still fresh, the Germans are unlikely to risk another invasion.

The real tragedy of Belgian history is that the union with the Dutch, established at the Congress of Vienna, broke down so soon, for together the two countries, with their vast overseas possessions, would now form a powerful State. That is a thing of the past, but there would not appear to be any reason why Belgium and the Netherlands should not co-operate more closely in matters of foreign policy, for they have much in common. Such a development would certainly benefit Great Britain, whose policy it has always been that the independence of the Low Countries should be preserved.

The result of the Brussels election upon Belgian foreign policy is likely to be negligible, for all parties are in substantial agreement on this point. Whether M. Degrelle's defeat will prove as decisive as his opponents would like us to believe, remains to be seen. If he received a set-back, so did Mussolini and Hitler on more than one occasion, but they reached their goal in the end. But did the Rexists suffer a reverse? Their poll was increased by 15,660, and that of their opponents by 21,353 votes, while there was greater homogeneity among their supporters. Furthermore, it can hardly be reassuring to M. Van Zeeland to know that he is supported by the same type of coalition as that which so signally failed to save Brüning from Hitler. It may be that the Government's victory is final, but it is too early to be certain of the fact.

Turbulent Priests

A section of the Anglican clergy are doing the Church of England no good by meddling with foreign politics, which are no concern of theirs. Where the limelight is most powerful there they are gathered together, whether their self-appointed task is to kick a man when he is down,

or to create difficulties between this country and its neighbours. A service is held for the Abyssinian dead; is it to be taken for granted, and on what authority, that the Italian killed are not equally dear to the Almighty, that no intercession is made on their behalf? And what right have a handful of parsons to decide? Then a number of ecclesiastical dignitaries go to Spain, as soon as what happens there is "news," and condemn the Nationalists for bombing the Red towns. Does it not occur to them that on their own premises the Red airmen who drop bombs on the Nationalist centres of population are equally culpable? One does not recollect such clerical activity in connection with slum clearance; but then this is not a subject for head-lines and posters.

It is more than a little repellent to see the ministers of God taking so sadistic a delight in visiting the battle-fields of the Peninsula. Their reckless charges against foreign nations are hardly calculated to serve the cause of peace, though that is probably not an argument which will appeal to them, for having got themselves exempted from military service in the last war they doubtless feel that they can provoke another with impunity to themselves. One's sympathy goes out to the vast majority of the clergy of the Established Church, who have no use for such "stunts," and who do their Master's work without ostentation. The pity of it is that they would appear to have no control over their self-advertising brethren. The Long Parliament did a bad day's work when it abolished the Court of High Commission.

Another Convert

OLD readers of these Notes may remember references in them some three or four years ago to a certain Dr. Gregorio Marañon, President of the Academy of Medicine in Madrid, who was then an ardent supporter of the Spanish Republic. His views, as recently expressed in the *Petit Parisien*, are therefore of peculiar interest. "I have been misled; I have been mistaken. Save for a few new-fangled Catholics who persist in their prejudice

in favour of the Communists, all the intellectuals of Spain think as I do, speak as I do, and, like me, have had to flee from Republican Spain to save their lives. From the standpoint of a scientist one should recognize one's mistakes.

". . . Thousands of men and women are still being murdered every day on the mere suspicion of independence of opinion. . . . One morning I picked up Señor Largo Caballero's paper, and read the following headlines printed in enormous letters: 'If you want to know the record of Gregorio Marañon, look it up in the Fascist lists.' That was a death sentence. . . . All the people I saw designated in this manner were killed a few hours after the edition came out. . . . You will, however, be able to appreciate the irony of the situation when I tell you that the same Largo Caballero, who thus condemned the former prisoner of Primo de Rivera, had, whilst I was in prison, drawn handsome pay as a Councillor of State from the Military Dictatorship.

"The present situation allows of no half-way house. For one thing, the die is cast. Franco is certain to win, and his victory will give me the greatest satisfaction. . . . The intellectuals who were fortunate enough to be residing in the territory under Nationalist control have neither had their lives threatened, nor been obliged to go into exile. In all the hotels in Paris and in the large towns of France you will find political refugees from Spain. All of them are people who have escaped from Red Spain. No one has found it necessary to leave Nationalist Spain."

The Comintern at Work

THE epidemic of strikes and acts of sabotage which is afflicting this country is inexplicable save on the assumption that it is concerted. Indeed, there is considerable evidence that the Comintern is at its old game of troubling the waters all over the world. In this connection the following sequence of events is definitely alarming.

Feb. 26th, Bratislava. Police discover a recruiting-office for the Spanish Reds.

Feb. 27th, Sidi-Bel-Abbes. Communists attack supporters of the *Parti Populaire Français* : one killed, eight wounded.

Feb. 28th, Valencia. Two Polish business-men shot by Communists.

Caracas. Communist plot, with military affiliations, discovered.

Belgrade. Communist rioting : fifteen non-Communists injured.

March 2nd, Malaga. Documents found with details of a projected rising in Morocco.

March 4th, Washington. U.S. Marine officer makes revelations of Communist propaganda in American merchant navy and marines.

March 5th, Warsaw. Fifty Communists arrested for using the Pushkin celebrations to conduct propaganda.

Sofia. Secret Communist printing works discovered.

March 6th, Bucarest. Communist cell discovered in a secondary school.

This was not an exceptionally bad week, and was taken at random.

In view of the widespread activity of the Comintern, and of its close connection with the Soviet Government, it is not surprising that the countries which are most exposed to this propaganda should incline towards Berlin and Rome rather than Paris and London. So long as the Franco-Soviet Pact continues in existence, and is tacitly condoned by Great Britain, the Anglo-French magnet will not prove as powerful as the Italo-German.

The Trend of Finance

By Collin Brooks

LIKE so many great men, I am possessed of a nose, large, Cyrano-like, and, as Rostand would have said, "terrible to see." The doubtful glances of anti-semites notwithstanding, my breed is a pure Aryan. I possessed, it is true, and I do not conceal it, a Scots grandmother. At the moment I regret her demise. She might have told me the meaning of the fine words "the cauld grue," which I take to be the Burns equivalent of the expressive English phrase "the Willies."

Miss Dorothy L. Sayers in a brilliant essay has written:

> In nothing is individual fancy so varied and capricious as in its perception of the horrible. . . . One cannot argue about these things. I remember reading somewhere about an old sundial, around whose face was written: IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK. If that motto does not give you a "cauld grue," then nothing I or any other person can say will convince you of its soul-shaking ghastliness.

It was that soul-shaking ghastliness, that cauld grue, that attack of the Willies, which smote the bourses of the world in Mid-April when some big bad Bears, clad in the sheep-skins of mythical American bankers, frightened whatever wits they possess out of brokers, jobbers, specialists and clients by spreading the belief that Franklin Roosevelt was about to devalue the dollar, stem the import of gold into the United States and lower the price of the metal.

A quick denial of any such intention brought back composure after the ague of fright—but the episode was illuminating. There was nothing capricious about the perception of the horrible when financiers and men of business from Commissioner Street to Shorters Court, from Wall Street to Western Australia, realised that in the progress from boom to slump it was later than they had thought.

Even the restored composure was not quite as solid as it seemed. Many recalled the assurance of a modern wit that he never believed any rumour until he had the official denial. All remembered that while the alchemists of the

Metal Exchanges had been transmuting the base metals into gold very merrily, there was one in Washington who could by a wave of his wand transmute the world's gold stocks into base metals. For nearly forty-eight frenzied hours investors and speculators alike felt, with Robert of Sicily—

> It was too true ; the world he loved so much
> Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch.

After that experience, that demonstration of the vulnerability of the gold price, all finance must turn upon the hazard of Roosevelt's intentions towards the dollar.

Sages for years past have nodded wise heads over the futility of men who dig metal from a hole in the ground in South Africa, transport it at great cost over far seas, to bury it again in a hole in America. Economists have spilt much ink and broken many friendships trying to explain why, when nations abandon the gold standard, gold grows more potent. It is forty-three years ago since " the silver-tongued orator from Nebraska " denounced " the few financial magnates who in a dark room corner the money of the world " and ended with a peroration worthy of his riper prowess at the Monkey Trial at Daytona : "We answer the demand for the gold standard by saying, 'You shall not press down upon the brow of labour this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold !' " To-day a few brain-trustworthy men, presumably in a dark room, fearing that they are rapidly cornering the world's gold supplies, try to unpin Roosevelt from the Golden Cross and lift from that brow (" oppressive with its mind ") the crackling crown of bankers' advances on gold in transit, with the result that booms in Britain and Africa shudder with apprehension and the whole artificial economy of four of the five continents staggers on its Treasury stilts.

There is at the core of all economic things one primal simplicity, that one truth, of which Browning spoke, that leads straight to the world's end. It is an obvious truth, capable of being variedly expressed. It is that man lives by trade. It is that the part cannot be greater than the whole—that the means of trade cannot for long transcend in importance the trade itself, as gold has come to transcend the passage and

exchange of goods. It is that the belly is more vital than the brain—when communities want sustenance they will refuse to tolerate the brainy contrivances of politicians which hinder the satisfaction of the want. It is the simple truth that you cannot give great communities the economic boon of a high and complex standard of living and at the same time retain the political boon of National self-sufficiency.

Gold is a commodity. We have made it, for very adequate reasons, the commodity by which the values of other commodities are measured. When a nation has too much gold, its value will fall. When a nation has an overplus of commodities and will exchange them for no other commodity but gold, it may by currency pacts and special Funds disguise the fact, but it has inaugurated a process whereby gold value must be affected. Sooner or later there will be a local glut; when there is local glut the exterior motives for keeping the currency stable will be overborne by the necessity for stemming that glut.

It would seem to an observer that sooner or later Roosevelt *must* take the step that he has just denied his intention of taking. He must allow the dollar to appreciate. At the present time if X dollars buy a bar of gold and there is the probability that shortly only $\frac{1}{2}$X dollars will be given, it pays everyone to scramble into dollars. A bar of gold exchanging now for X dollars will give the means, when the price is reduced to $\frac{1}{2}$X, to purchase two bars of gold. This quite natural tendency of "out of gold into dollars" actually forces the Rooseveltian hand.

If the world price of gold falls, the consequences will be wide and hard to calculate in their entirety. All those low-grade mines which became attractive when the gold price rose will lose their attraction. The enterprises and States that showed huge book-keeping profits on the higher price of gold will find those profits have evaporated.

So shocking will be the effects directly on the employment that clings to a high gold price and indirectly on all that hinges on gold at a high level, that one is bound to assume that a devaluing of gold will be resisted to the utmost by all the Powers outside America. Britain has

peculiar interests in the metal. Canada, South Africa, Australia, West Africa are all gold producers; and if the City of London condoned a lowering of value the act would seem an Imperial betrayal. Such a betrayal would spoil all the hopes fixed on the Coronation Conference.

Practically, whatever Roosevelt's needs, it becomes exceedingly unlikely that gold will be devalued. Although Britain might find a cheap £ useful, vis-à-vis the $, a cheap £ resulting from a Rooseveltian lowering of the American gold price would be dearly bought. Gold shares, in other words, are still worth the holding, even if they are now less reliable than they were.

* * *

It is not only in gold that Washington has become again the focal point of wonderment.

If America is to continue to take in gold there must either be a freer speculative market in New York or foreign lending must be resumed, in order to start the free flow of commodities without which gold to America is merely an embarrassment. President Roosevelt is most certainly eager now, with his second term wearing on, to achieve some spectacular settlement of his own and Europe's difficulties. After Britain's Coronation Conference, when the Empire has had its family bargains, there is hope both in London and Washington that an Anglo-American Pact will follow. It was to this end that the President of the Board of Trade paid his recent visit to the United States. Such a pact is of immense importance to America, but only as the beginning of a whole series of such European agreements. Roosevelt's primary difficulty, ever present and ever pressing, is to do something for his farming communities. Agreements made with the Latin Americans do not help him much, for the Latin Americans are as anxious as he to be rid of primaries. He must have agreements with industrialised nations who will take some of the primary produce off his hands. If there were no Johnson Law that prohibited credits to defaulting debtors, all might be well, but there is such a Law. His first need, therefore, is either

to convert some of the defaulters into honest men or to find a conduit through which American credit may pass to them. A formal settlement of certain European war debts would be an enormous boon. Then money and credit could go into Germany and Italy and Central Europe, and American products of all kinds be bought. Capitalism would again be in that odd circle of making profits to lend to its debtors, in order to make more profits to lend to its debtors, in order to make more profits to lend to its debtors, in order to make more profits . . . until some debtor or debtors reach again repudiation point. While that circle was spun, with a good will, goods and gold could circulate and a *de facto*, if not a *de jure*, stabilisation of currencies attempted.

Such a consummation seems very far off, but it may be nearer than is generally supposed.

Talk of debt settlement is not popular in America, unless it be the full pound of flesh. But Roosevelt in his second term is freed from any need to woo his own party bosses. There is no third term for which to prepare. He has only, as I wrote some months ago, to woo history, and history would give a high place to the President who wiped debts off the political slate as the preliminary to a resumed World Conference at which trading and currency agreements might be discussed as the basis of a plan for world pacification.

Whether any such Conference can help the world may be a matter for argument. So far Hitler and Mussolini have passed contemptuously from the Castlereagh-realm of Conference Diplomacy—but they might return if President Roosevelt could make it worth their while. Germany, it is true, would have to be given as a preliminary some part of her old domain. Hitler and his colleagues have been quite frank in calling the Colonial question a matter of prestige rather than of economics. But once Germany's pride could be satisfied, Hitler and Goering might step aside for Schacht.

In any event, it is in such a direction that the mind of Roosevelt seems to be running, and while it so runs America is hardly likely to break the Anglo-French agreement with

Washington and permit gold to break any possible accord that might lead to the World Peace Plan.

* * *

This having been said, it is possible without misconstruction to say that all trends are towards a weaker £ and a stronger $, with the franc made the play of political needs. The great April drive against the franc, made with the connivance of the Exchange Funds, which withheld support, was actuated no doubt by a desire to help forward M. Blum's Armament loan and to stimulate the entry of tourist money for the Exhibition. "The Authorities"—those mysterious beings who also corner the world's money from a dark room—know very well what is the limit of endurance for the franc, and for a while they can hold the French currency at that limit. If strike troubles and taxpayers' revolts grow worse, the situation may change. There is no real reason why a weak franc should not get as much out of control as any other currency, and a theoretical limit of 111 may not prove practicable. But, as I have just said, it seems practicable for some time to come.

* * *

Outside the confines of the higher finance things grow no easier to cope with or to prophesy. With one exception, the ENGLISH REVIEW was the first paper to announce the oncoming restoration of Canadian investments, which have been one of the miracles of the first quarter of the year. Were it not for the fact that a boom in newsprint and newsprint securities is adverse to the interests of most newspapers, we should almost certainly have seen as much fuss made of it as is usually made of booms in other commodities. Shares which double their value between Christmas and Easter and thereafter show $4 profit on $11½ in four days—as Abitibi common shares did—are distinctly in the headline class. Timber products, it must be admitted, are in a category of their own, but it is hard to believe that the more familiar primary products, such as rubber and oil and the base metals, can do other than make money for their

owners. Just as gold shares were shattered for a while by the Roosevelt rumour, so commodity shares displayed a weakness that must have shaken the wilder speculators. But when all the margin of sheer speculation has been expunged and when allowance has been made for a certain forestalling of later need by genuine buyers, the future of the primaries seems bright.

Again much turns on America. If it be true, as I, for one, believe it to be true, that the United States is enjoying an economic recovery as real as that of Great Britain—however real that may be—then it follows that demand for metals, oil, rubber and foodstuffs must increase. Rearmament-plus-recovery-plus-an extra demand from storm-struck regions in two continents must mean rising prices, subject only to occasional waves of profit-taking and covering. Companies that hold lead and spelter interests seem particularly worth the attention of the investor who finds industrials a little over valued and who fears to add any more gilt-edged to the portfolio.

* * *

The rubber share market has frightened a number of people by its readiness to fly from new heights at the first alarm, just as the commodity has startled the super-optimists by its inability to hold a level at over a shilling with ease. It may be assumed that when rubber went over 10d. the main business in it was done not by factories but by speculators. But with a bull market the genuine buyers, particularly those over the Atlantic, will feel compelled to protect themselves by purchases against an even stiffer price. Against these purchases the supply is doubtful. It has already been hampered by a strike of tappers; it must be hampered by the growing difficulty of freights. Rubber bought speculatively differs from rubber in transit in only one way. Both come into the market sooner or later, but the amount in transit is calculable and the amount speculatively bought is not. It is a matter of guesswork which way the balance lies, but my own view is that demand will more than outweigh the release of speculative holdings and future deliveries. Sudden falls in the share market on

this view become merely good buying opportunities, the more so as the rubber share market has still to realize its own potentialities. It has not yet begun to discount the effect of even 10d. rubber; it has not yet felt the effect of the inrush of a great mass of small public money; that small public money is still tied up with Unit Trusts and aircraft shares and the like. It may shortly release itself and seek quick profits elsewhere.

* * *

The Unit Trusts themselves need have no fear. There is now a natural transition in the public mind from Savings Certificates to Unit Trusts. They will not lack for purchasers while they continue to show a wide spread for safety. Their clients are the last people to be frightened out of holdings by temporary panics. The people who may suffer are some of the recent flotations whose prices have not sustained prospectus hopes and some of the market leaders whose flat dividend yields have become too low for the rentier and semi-rentier. There may be some liquidation in these to permit profit-seeking in more promising markets.

For clarity's sake I will recite here what I consider those promising markets to be, despite all temporary fluctuations —Canadian paper and pulp, lead, rubber, oil, shipping and copper. And the promise should remain for a longish period, for after the pull of British and American recovery and rearmament there will be felt the pull of the spread of recovery to the primary countries.

From a Garden Seat

By C. H. Middleton

[Mr. Middleton will continue his monthly notes From a Garden Seat, and this month is making suggestions for Coronation planting—Editor.]

EARLIER in the spring we talked a good deal about floral schemes for Coronation week. That week will soon be with us now, and I hope the window box and other displays will be up to expectations, and worthy of the occasion. But the glories of spring flowers will fade away with the shouting and the excitement, and we must soon be making arrangements for the summer beds and borders.

As I look along my very informal borders, gay at the moment with groups of tulips and polyanthus, I am wondering whether they lend themselves to any special scheme for Coronation year. I find it difficult to make up my mind whether to stick to my favourite mixtures, or to follow the popular idea and work out some kind of formal design in red, white and blue. Candidly, I feel that I can be just as patriotic on roses, marigolds and sweet peas as on scarlet geraniums and blue lobelia; but I usually find myself in the minority, and most of my friends seem to be hankering after floral union Jacks, or something equally childish; so let us see what can be done in the patriotic colours.

For a pattern bed we must needs find something which remains dwarf and stays put, otherwise the colours will run into each other like a badly washed garment, and spoil the effect. There are not so many dwarf plants in red, white and blue as one might imagine. Blue is easy, for surely nothing could be better than some of the compact types of lobelia, and sweet alyssum fills the bill for the white section admirably. But it is not so easy to find a suitable red flower. The double daisies have been much talked of, and so have the scarlet begonias; but I am afraid the daisies will not last out the summer, and the huge, sprawling flowers of begonias do not blend at all nicely with the small and compact lobelias and alyssum. The

fibrous rooted begonia *semperflorens* might do at a pinch, but the flowers are not quite so red as we should like them, and they are inclined to grow a little too big and bushy for carpeting. The best plant I can think of is the Tom Thumb or dwarf bedding antirrhinum. These little snapdragons include some good red shades; they are very neat and compact, growing about six inches high, and flower over a long period. I have never tried them for carpet bedding, but I have grown them in the rock garden, and I imagine they would blend nicely with lobelia and alyssum. It is too late now, of course, to raise them from seeds but I have no doubt there will be plentiful supplies of plants available at most of the local nurseries.

For those who are satisfied with a less formal arrangement the choice is much wider. There are not many flowers which include the three colours in their family circle, but there are a few. I should think viscarias would make a pretty bed, and the seeds could be sown out of doors now, you could select red, white and blue varieties and either mix them all together or work them into some sort of design. Verbenas, too, embrace all three colours, but they like space to ramble and crawl around. They would make an ideal hanging basket for this year, and once they get going, they flower all through the summer. Talking of hanging baskets, I wonder how many of my readers have grown the schizanthus as a basket plant? To my mind it is the ideal plant for the job. I have used it for that purpose many a time and rarely had a failure. If one good plant is planted in a basket, and the shoots bent over and pegged to the underside, it eventually becomes a perfect ball of blossom—a truly lovely picture; a little "stopping" may be necessary, but not so much as one might think; for a large basket three plants could be used instead of one.

But to return to our patriotic colours: here is a selection of plants which should include suitable ones for most of these schemes. In the real reds we have *Paul Crampel* geranium, still one of the brightest and most accommodating of all the summer bedding plants. The scarlet salvia, which is surely red enough for the most exacting taste;

only here we have to be a little careful. The old variety salvia *splendens* sometimes waits till the frost is on us before it makes up its mind to start flowering; so it is advisable to choose an early-flowering variety, such as *Zurich*, or *Fireball*. The dwarf red dahlias, particularly those of the "*Coltness Gem*" type, are ideal for bedding, they grow about fifteen inches high and flower all through the summer. For bigger schemes there are plenty of scarlet dahlias in all the different types. Some of the scarlet varieties of gladioli are very bright and showy, and are very useful to break the monotony of other massed flowers, especially as they flower rather late, when the novelty of the summer flowers is wearing off a bit. Where a dwarfer plant is desired, the tuberous begonias will put up a good show of bright scarlet. The begonias, gladioli and dahlias also include equally good white varieties. Other good white flowers are white asters, stocks, white swan poppies, candytuft and antirrhinums.

Blue is well catered for by the annuals: cornflowers, anchusa *blue bird*, phacelia *campanularia*, nigella, nemophila and the blue convolvulus, and of course we must not overlook the violas and the lobelia. But I think the bluest flower of all is salvia *patens*, which for purity of colour outshines even the much vaunted meconopsis. True, it is not so free-flowering as its scarlet relative, but even if the flowers are fewer, their brilliant colour renders them conspicuous in any floral scheme.

Doubtless I have left out many good and patriotic flowers, which others will include; but all those I have mentioned are good growers: they may be sown or planted during the coming month, and plentiful supplies are available.

For my own part I shall be less orthodox. I have been thinking of a mixture of marigolds with purple petunias and purple larkspurs. I think it would look rather nice, and purple is really more of a Royal colour than blue. The various types of marigolds are always attractive, and they flower continuously all through the summer. There is great variety in them too; the big sponge-like flowers of the Africans: the chocolate splashed French

types: the brilliant *orange king* calendulas, and the dainty little tagetes, all blend together beautifully. I have grown them all together and given them sunflowers for company, and had a truly brilliant display of orange and golden yellow lasting well into the autumn, and all from about sixpennyworth of seeds. But I am afraid my tastes are simple and old fashioned; I am even fond of nasturtiums. So let us think of a few rather more ambitious bedding schemes. Whatever you use in the beds this year, I would just say this: that neatly filled beds of say, geraniums, antirrhinums, petunias, or any other plant, all spaced out exactly the same distance from each other, and forming in time a level mass, show no great sign of originality, and often much nicer effects can be produced with judicious mixtures. Try, for instance, gladioli blended with geraniums, or a mixture of all the different types of antirrhinums: tall, dwarfs, and intermediates all in the same bed; scarlet begonias with white alyssum, or mixed begonias with *Pickering blue* violas. Plant orange zinnias, or *guinea-gold* marigolds, with seeds of blue nemophila sown over the bed just before planting; or try a bed of the new annual known as "sweet wivelsfield," which is a cross between the pink and the sweet william, and blends the best of each; a bed of mixed nemesias or of phlox Drummondii is a charming sight if all goes well; but I think you can display any of the dwarf-growing plants to greater advantage by altering the level of the bed, that is if the bed be large enough, by making a series of little hills and valleys, or undulations; this makes a change from the usual flat bed, or what is even worse, the grave-like mound.

Finally, if you must have a bed of the popular colours try Salvia *Zurich*, white asters (plume) and blue lobelia, and you may then go for your holidays with an easy mind, well knowing that the flowers will look even better when you come back.

The Completed Cycle

By Peter Ferrers

I

OCTAVIUS GALLUS, the young centurion in command of the advance guard, reined back his drooping pony at the head of the pass and glanced back along his men who followed him in single file down the narrow rocky path. They looked travel-stained and worn, for they had covered fifteen miles since daybreak, and the Arab sun was hot even in these uplands. He spoke to the native guide beside him at his saddle bow, who pointed down the narrow defile. The path meandered diagonally down the steep boulder-strewn hillside and some two thousand feet below opened on to a wide cliff-encircled wadi of white gleaming sand that here and there rose high in the air in large whirling dust devils. In the distance the green trees and cultivation of an oasis showed.

"Beihan-el-Qasab," said the guide.

The centurion raised his sun-blackened forearm above his head and the men halted.

"Rest here for a space," said Octavius; "we camp in the oasis to-night."

The men scattered slowly among the rocks and sat down in the welcome shade, their spears rattling against their sparse body armour as they slumped to the ground. The figure X beneath the Roman eagle embossed on their bronze shields proclaimed them of the Tenth Legion and they were now a long way from Rome. This was the Legion which had sacked Jerusalem and had captured Britain, whose eagles had seen service in all parts of the Empire and now were further south than any Roman had ever been before. Some twelve months previously Claudius, the Governor of Egypt, noting that the richest caravans to Europe came from Araby, showing a complete geographical ignorance of the task, had ordered the Legion from their quarters in the Sinai Peninsular—to conquer Arabia, thinking that it was rich territory ripe for Rome's plucking. Had he been better informed he would have known that the origin of frankincense and myrrh, of the gold and silver and precious stones was not Arabia, which was then,

as it is now, a singularly unproductive country, but the countries much further east, India and China. However, as a result of his Cæsarlike command, the Legion had embarked upon the Red Sea in ships and the expedition had started. With singular lack of foresight they had set out against the monsoon in the heat of summer, and by the end of five weeks had progressed a bare eight hundred miles when sickness and death amongst his Legion drove the leader of the expedition to land. He formed a base camp ashore and there stayed for a period until his men had recovered.

Then he had struck out inland with his men in a south-easterly direction, first conquering the maritime plain and then rising uplands, until the whole of the kingdom of Saaba lay beneath his hand. Sasebo, a medical officer with the Legion, describes how the Arab hosts, though greatly outnumbering the Legion, were no match for the well disciplined experience of the Romans.

For five weeks now the Legion had been advancing roughly south-east across Arabia and were many hundreds of miles from their starting point. The fabulous riches of Araby still eluded them. They could not consolidate and garrison as they advanced, their numbers were too small—so that their line of communication to the coast was non-existent. They lived on the land as they conquered it and the Arab tribes closed in behind them. The leaders were becoming tired of the constant sterility of the country and sunstroke and sickness were daily taking their toll of the men. They had now reached what is at present the boundary between Yemen and the Aden Protectorate and still nothing but barren hills and desert stretched out before them.

At about three in the afternoon the advance guard reached the bottom of the defile and spreading out in a wide fan converged rapidly upon Beihan. A boy out with goats first saw the sun glinting on the armour and ran into the city rousing the tribesmen with shrill and excited cries. Soon the narrow streets were packed with people while from the minarets the priests called loudly upon the multitude.

The gates of the city swung open and a mass of tribesmen poured out into the desert through the cultivated fields—some on hardy Arab ponies but the majority on foot, all bearing spears or long curved swords and rawhide leather shields. The Romans closed into solid phalanx and met the charge on a small rocky plateau. The fanatical screaming of the tribesmen turned to heavy breathing grunts and gasps as naked black skin strained against bronze armour.

The fight was soon over and the victors strode on to the city, where they camped that night outside the gates. Early in the morning the main body of the Legion came marching in their footsteps and the elders of the city of Beihan-el-Qasab, seeing that they were invested with overwhelming force, flung their gates open to the Romans with the best grace they could muster.

That night there was a conference of the officers of the Legion. The guide said that another three weeks' march would bring the Legion to the sea, but the Romans were tired of the sayings of guides and tired of the unprofitable expedition. The leader listened to the views of his centurions and finally decided to turn back. They would rest at Beihan for a few days and then retrace their steps to the Red Sea and thence to Egypt.

Gallas and another officer walked away from the conference together. The former had been one who had stuck out for carrying-on into the unknown; he was strangely dissatisfied at the decision to return.

"Gods," he exclaimed, "to have come so far and to have achieved nothing but desert and mountain—and now to turn back. What waste!"

"Why worry about this pestilential country," said his friend philosophically—"it will all be the same a thousand years hence."

II

The sun had just disappeared in a blaze of glory behind the rocks of Little Aden and the officers of the Squadron were sitting outside the Mess on the verandah languidly appreciating the first coolness of the evening. The climate

of Aden in the summer is not conducive to energy and the group portrayed a pleasing picture of still life. Three were reading fortnight-old papers, another was asleep, while the fifth lay watching the movements of a lizard, the smoke from his pipe ascending in an unbroken blue thread through the sultry air.

The Adjutant walked out of the telephone box on to the verandah. He ordered himself a chota peg and slumped into an armchair.

"There is," he said, waving a signal pad, "trouble on the frontier."

The group displayed not the slightest interest.

"The Sultan of Beihan has been getting uppish and has to have his knuckles rapped," said the Adjutant.

He with the pipe bestirred himself.

"It *would* be the place with the worst landing ground in the world," he said. "What's the old bird been up to this time?"

"Usual business," replied the Adjutant. "Raiding caravans, harbouring murderers from the Yemen and sending ruderies to the Resident."

"*Did* he?" said someone else. "What did he say?"

"Oh, that he wouldn't have our aircraft flying over his country and that if any of them landed at Beihan he would commit frightfulness against them."

"And what did the Resident do about that?" asked someone.

"Handed it over to the A.O.C. and told him to get on with it and he has passed it to us to call the Sultan's bluff."

"Glad I'm not Duty Flight this week," said one. "It took me an hour and twenty minutes to start my engine last time I landed at Beihan. It was as hot as Hades."

"This is the lucky man," said the Adjutant, stirring the sleeping officer with one toe. The latter opened an eye.

"All right, all right," he murmured. "I heard it all—what have I got to do?"

"Crack of dawn to-morrow, three machines, front and rear guns loaded. One lands while the other two circle as escort—first aircraft does not switch off engine until Sultan

has shown his hand. If he receives you with bundooks and swords you take off again *tout suite* and beat 'em up from the air—on the other hand, if he is in a chastened frame of mind, you switch off and have a chat with him. There's a letter coming up to-night from the Residency and you'll take the Political Officer with you to do all the talking. The escort aircraft do not land until you signal them that everything in the garden is lovely. Pond (the Political Officer) will tell you that."

"I only got back from Somaliland to-day," said the Duty Flight Commander. He rose and yawned. "I suppose I'd better organize this." He yawned again. "We don't get much money," he said, "but we do dress nice."

As dawn was breaking the following morning three aircraft rose with a roar above the sleeping camp and turned northwards across the desert. The rising sun cast soft blue shadows in long curving bars from the rolling sand dunes, but these rapidly dwindled and disappeared to a monotonous orange sand colour as the sun climbed higher in the sky. For about thirty miles nothing was to be seen but desert and then the aircraft drew over the foothills of the hinterland. First, scattered mounds rising like breakers from a sea of sand, then rocky hills and finally the mountains towering up to eight thousand feet above sea level, a barren fastness cleaved by narrow canyons called wadis. Here and there were scattered Arab villages perched precariously on a seven thousand foot ridge. The population scratched a meagre living from narrow terraced fields hewed out of the hillside. Sowed and ploughed their sparse crops hanging over a seven thousand foot precipice. It almost made one giddy to look down on them from an aeroplane. The houses were impregnable fortresses from the ground—built of blocks of stone on knife-edge ridges—down in the wadis beneath them were clouds obscuring the wadi beds, in some cases the tops of the clouds fringed the villages in swirling vapour, but for the most part they were below the mountain tops, a soft white fleecy blanket with the tops of the mountains emerging like islands out of snowy sea.

Presently the clouds thinned and disappeared beneath

the heat of the sun and the aircraft found themselves flying at ten thousand feet above a high rocky plateau with here and there strips of terraced fields green with cultivation. The visibility was exceptional and looking back beyond the aeroplane on his right the Flight Commander could see the faint blue line of the coast a hundred miles away. Ahead to the north the horizon merged in purple mountain ranges with the blue sky as far as the eye could see.

The plateau beneath them began to be broken up into rocky wadis, filled with white sand and boulders, and about an hour and a half after leaving Aden the ground fell away precipitously to a wide cliff-encircled basin of white desert. Under the shadow of a tall conical-shaped hill the green oasis of Beihan-el-Qasab showed.

The city contained many white-painted mosques with gleaming minarets and most of the houses looked like forts; skyscraper-like buildings of brown mutti some ten or twelve stories high, with windows cut in slits like loopholes. The landing ground, marked on the white sand with corner stones, lay about four hundred yards on the other side of the wadi-bed from the town, though one or two houses actually stood along the boundary.

The whole place was a picturesque and pleasing sight from the air, the vivid green of the crops and date palms contrasting clearly with the desert all around.

At a signal from the Flight Commander, the other two aircraft closed in on him and with a roar that shook most of the old buildings in the town the formation dived down and broke up in a fan shape over the landing ground. As the Flight Commander throttled back his engine and commenced gliding in to land he saw a large crowd of natives running down towards the aerodrome. He turned and pointed them out to the Political Officer in his rear cockpit, who raised his eyebrows and then shrugged his shoulders. The air gunner behind him swung his Lewis gun to and fro to ensure that the mounting was flexible. The other two aircraft circled above him, one over the town and one over the landing ground, both awaiting events.

Lower and lower came the Flight Commander's aeroplane until with one last " S " turn he slid smoothly over the heads of the crowd and touched lightly on the sand. It was a good landing and being short there was plenty of room to take straight off again in case of trouble. He wound his tail incidence gear forward and waited with his hand on the throttle lever and his head turned over his shoulder to watch the tribesmen. In the cockpit behind him the Political Officer stood up, his goggles off and a familiar eye-glass screwed in one eye. The air gunner crouched behind his gun, with the palm of his left hand he hit the pan of ammunition on the Lewis gun ; it clicked half round and stopped, ready for firing.

The tribesmen spread out in a wide fan shape round the tail of the aircraft at a distance of about thirty yards. They were tall and for the most part half naked Arabs, many with negroid features, but all with long, dank, greasy hair hanging beneath skull-caps or ragged turbans ; some had black beards tinged with red dye, others were smooth chinned. They carried a motley collection of weapons ranging from ancient muzzle-loading firelocks to quite modern-looking Lee Metfords and Le Gras rifles. All had one or two curved knives stuck in their cartridge belts and here and there one saw long curved swords in rupee silver sheaths.

The children ran right up to the aeroplane with no sign of fear and stood delightedly in the blast of the wind raised by the propeller.

The Political Officer spoke. Holding his hand up, palm forwards, he said : " *Salaam aleikum*," meaning " Peace be unto you." There was a slight pause and then : " *Il aleikum salaam* " (" And to you peace ")—and the Sultan, an old bearded man with hawk-like features, stepped forward.

With him the Political Officer spoke at some length, raising his voice above the noise of the engine ; then turning to the Flight Commander he said :

" All right—you can switch off."

The noise ceased and the three climbed out of the aeroplane. Far from being hostile, the crowd surged

round them with smiling faces, jabbering in Arabic and trying to shake hands.

"What about the other two?" said the Flight Commander. "Is it safe for them to land?"

"Quite all right," replied Pond. "I'm going to have a pow-wow with the local sheikhs—you'd better come along."

The Flight Commander fired a green Vèry light into the air, much to the delight of the tribesmen, and walked with the Sultan and a crowd of lesser sheikhs over to a green fig tree, under whose shade they all sat down and a long talk began.

The other two aircraft landed one after the other and taxied up beside the Flight Commander's in a cloud of dust. The pilots switched off their engines and sat down under the shade of the wings to smoke cigarettes until the conference was over. They were soon surrounded by groups of natives, who stood around them—just looking at them. A white man is somewhat of a rarity in these parts, and aeroplanes, though they had been seen before, are always a great attraction.

The conference took about two hours. Apparently the Sultan had been upset by some ruling of the Resident's and had conceived this as being a sure method of getting a hearing on his grievance. He was an original old rogue and was roundly told so by Pond, the Political Officer, who, however, did make a note of his complaint and promised to see what could be done on his return to Aden. When he told the Flight Commander about it, translating from Arabic, the latter grunted.

"Up in the morning at a most unchristian hour and all this way for nothing!" he said. "I don't know why they bother about this frightful country—it'll all be the same in a thousand years."

The Theatre

A Guide For Coronation Visitors

LET NOT any visitor to London for the Coronation imagine that he will be able to spend an evening watching a great play. No masterpieces are to be found in the West End, and only one dramatist of the first rank is represented—Mr. St. John Ervine, by his comedy, *Anthony and Anna*, at the Whitehall. It has been running since November, 1935.

There being no play of which I can write "It must be seen," I turn to those which provide good entertainment of one sort or another. Do you wish to be thrilled? *The Amazing Doctor Clitterhouse* is still flouting the British Medical Association at the Haymarket; Lord Peter Wimsey, Miss Dorothy L. Sayers's genial detective, is appearing, disguised as Mr. Dennis Arundell, in *Busman's Honeymoon* at the Comedy; Miss Mary Morris will keep you guessing in *Suspect* at the St. Martin's; Mr. Anthony Armstrong, author of *Ten Minute Alibi*, offers *Mile Away Murder* at the Duchess. At the Princes, the home of *The Frog*, and at the Strand, where *The Squeaker* has been revived, you may discover once more that it is impossible not to be thrilled by Edgar Wallace.

But perhaps you are anxious to be amused, to rock in your stall. Then I prescribe Mr. Terence Rattigan's skit on a French "crammer's," *French Without Tears*, at the Criterion; *Night Alone*, with Mr. Richard Bird, at the Duke of York's; *George and Margaret*, Mr. Gerald Savory's domestic comedy at Wyndham's; and *Housemaster*, antiseptic with clean fun, at the Shaftesbury.

Do you care for spectacle? You have the choice of *Balalaika*, at His Majesty's, Mr. Ivor Novello's *Careless Rapture*, at Drury Lane, and Mr. Cochran's latest revue, *Home and Beauty*, at the Adelphi. To my mind, the best musical comedy in town is *Over She Goes*, with Mr. Stanley Lupino and Mr. Laddie Cliff, at the Saville; then there is Mr. Leslie Henson in *Swing Along* at the Gaiety; Mr. Bobby Howes is at the Hippodrome in *Big Business*. At the Coliseum you will find *On Your Toes*, an American burlesque of the ballet. *1066 and All That* has re-appeared for the Coronation season at the Cambridge.

Three plays which do not fit exactly into the foregoing categories are *Jane Eyre*, at the Aldwych, *Wise To-morrow*, at the Lyric, and *Whiteoaks*, at the Playhouse. All may be commended—especially the last-named, in which Miss Nancy Price gives a terrific performance as Grandma Whiteoak. Besides, admirers of Miss Mazo de la Roche's saga of novels—she is known, I believe, as "the Canadian Galsworthy"—should not miss the chance of seeing her characters on the stage.

So far, I have tried to indicate to those with fixed tastes in drama what may be expected to please them. Now I address myself to the Coronation visitor who will only have time for, say, three shows, but would prefer each to be as unlike the other two as possible. For him, this is my selection: *French Without Tears*, *Balalaika*, *Whiteoaks*. He will be convulsed by the first, dazzled by the second, gripped by the third.

* * * *

The following notes on some of last month's productions may be read as a supplement to the above list.

The Old Vic's flourish for the Coronation is *Henry V*, the most patriotic and least finished of Shakespeare's historical plays. Apart from the careful and affectionate portrait of the King, the piece is but a number of scenes strung together so loosely that the sequence of events would often be unintelligible were it not for the explanatory services of the Chorus. This part, in the present production, is done with pleasing freshness by Mr. Marius Goring.

Mr. Laurence Olivier's Henry is suitably fiery and brazen-lunged, but above all he is reflective: the responsibilities of kingship have so crushed the sportiveness of Prince Hal that the comedy of the glove becomes here a wry jest rather than a high-spirited prank. This Henry has a faint air of melancholy, but he is always royal. Though Mr. Olivier still speaks blank verse awkwardly, the crisp urgency of his diction is a tolerable substitute for poetry.

The low comedians—Bardolph, Pistol and Nym—are poorly served, but Miss Jessica Tandy's Katharine is delightful and Mr. Stephen Murray, as the Dauphin, drawls and sneers in the best tradition of conceited puppyhood. Mr. Alec Guinness is an admirable Exeter, while Mr. Harcourt Williams gives two clever sketches—one of a cynical Archbishop, the other of the dotard King of France.

Once more Miss Marion Lorne is to be found twittering and fluttering in a play by her husband, Mr. Walter Hackett. She has some cause for panic, since in *London After Dark*, at the Apollo Theatre, she falls in with a murderer. At first she aids him, but when the truth is out she decoys him into a police trap. Miss Lorne is as she has always been—which should be sufficient encouragement for her admirers to go and revel in her latest predicaments.

But the piece is not exclusively made up of Miss Lorne's antics. It has moments of suspense—even if one is not inclined to take them too seriously—and there are several amusing cameos of London life. Nor has Mr. Hackett lavished all his skill on the leading part and neglected the minor roles. These provide good

opportunities for such well-tried players as Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, Mr. Edwin Styles and Mr. Robert Andrews.

I thought *Post Road*, at the Queen's Theatre, a clever and amusing piece which the first-night audience did not sufficiently appreciate. Much of the quick humour passed them by, and they seemed a little bewildered by the evening's many surprises. The action may be tortuous, but it is far from tedious—though it makes demands on the intelligence of theatre-goers. For this reason *Post Road* is unlikely to appeal to those who habitually leave their wits in the foyer.

The story, in brief, tells how a middle-aged spinster thwarts a gang of kidnappers who use her house on the old post-road between New York and Boston as a " hideout " ; in fact, she snatches the baby from the baby-snatchers. This resourceful lady is adroitly played by Miss Louise Hampton, while the gangsters—they prefer suave bluff and unspoken threats to revolver-flourishing—are safe with Mr. James Stephenson, Mr. Edgar Mason and Miss Pamela Henry-May. The broader comedy—Miss Hampton has most of the wit—is contributed by Mr. Percy Kilbride, as a drawling, melancholy twiddler of wireless knobs.

It is difficult at the time of writing to estimate what support *Post Road* will receive ; but it deserves to repeat in London the success it had in New York.

In *Festival Time*, which opened at the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage, on April 20th, Mr. Lionel Hale presents a comedy in the promising setting of Salzburg during the annual festival. Against this picturesque background he makes a variety of contrasted types dance to a rather improbable tune. Yet it is to Mr. Hale's credit that by means of bright dialogue he manages to cloak the absence of a strong story.

Amyas Florin deserts his wife Julia after a petty squabble. Christine, his prospective mistress, follows him to Salzburg with Julia, who has discovered her husband's whereabouts but knows nothing of Christine's mission. They arrive together at the inn where Amyas is staying. The rest of the play consists in the efforts of Alessandro Vitelli, conductor of the Festival, to separate Christine from Amyas, and to reconcile him with Julia, who has meantime sought consolation in the brawny arms of a hiking schoolmaster.

Mr. C. Laseur, as Alessandro, carried on his massive shoulders the serious burden of the play. But he did not overshadow Mr. Mervyn Johns, as the inn-keeper, Mr. Arthur Macrae as Amyas, and Miss Sophie Stewart as Julia. Miss Betty Lynne did what was required of her as Christine, while Mr. Austin Trevor made much of a romantic novelist whose boasted amorous experiences, like his books, were fiction.

PHILIP STOCKIL.

Gramophone Notes

Beethoven

In *Sibelius: A Close-Up*, reviewed on another page, Mr. de Törne records Sibelius as having said on one occasion, "I have always been brought up with the idea that Beethoven's string quartets are to be venerated as the Bible, being a sacred text, in which no human being would dare to change anything."

It is in this spirit that I welcome the largest and most important issue of Beethoven's recordings since the Centenary. These include two of the late quartets, a piano sonata, the "Violin Concerto" and the "Romance in G."

Beethoven's life and works are, for convenience, usually divided into three "periods" and it is the last of these that arouses in us the greatest awe and wonderment. The conditions under which he lived and worked would have killed the soul of any lesser man. Vincent d'Indy in Cobbett's *Cyclopedic Survey of Chamber Music* says, "Alone, without wife, mistress, position or resources, deprived even of the power of hearing the manifestations of his genius, his existence is, so to speak, a living death. What, then, does Beethoven do? Far from abandoning himself to despair, far from wishing to have done with a wretched life which no longer offers any external attractions, he turns inwards, to his own soul. . . . And he creates no longer with a view to passing success, as in his youth, nor to pour out his feelings and his passions, as in his second period; he creates in pure joy or sorrow, seeking only to elevate that soul in which he lives, alone."

Thus, then, do we come to have, among other things, the "Quartet in B flat major, Op. 130," and the "Quartet in F major, Op. 135," now newly recorded on five H.M.V. and three Columbia records respectively. The B flat major Quartet is one of the most daring of all Beethoven's works. There are six movements in all. The first has a slow opening but this soon gives place to a cheerful and bustling *Allegro*, interrupted now and then with fine effect by the theme of the opening *Adagio*. The second movement is marked *Presto* and is perhaps the most remarkable of all the Beethoven *Scherzi*. It seems incredible that so eerie an effect can be produced within the restricted limits of the string quartet. The third movement has contrasts between gravity and jauntiness similar to those of the first movement and this is followed by a simple and Haydn-esque dance in three-eight time. Then we have one of the most beautiful and most poignant melodies in the whole range of music —a *Cavatina* of which Beethoven himself said, "Never did music of mine make so deep an impression on me." Finally there is an *Allegro* of the utmost gaiety. In its original form this quartet had

as its last movement the *Grosse Fuge*, but just before he died Beethoven substituted the present *finale* in its place and the *Grosse Fuge* is published as a separate work (Op. 133). The Budapest Quartet gives a magnificent performance throughout, one's only criticisms being that the wonderful scherzo is played rather too robustly and that the nuance < > used continually in the waltz movement is rather overdone.

The F. major Quartet is something of a problem. It was written in the last year of Beethoven's life, it is quite short and in it he returns to the conventional four movements. At the head of the last movement are the famous and fateful question and answer: "Must it be?" "It must be! It must be!" It is suggested that this is one of Beethoven's many musical jokes but no one seems able to explain it. The whole work is an enigma. It is undoubtedly below the very high level of the other "last quartets," but to me it has always been an enjoyable and a significant work. The Lener Quartet, save for occasional roughness, play splendidly throughout and are superb in the exquisite *Lento*.

The "Sonata in A flat major, Op. 110," is also a product of the last or reflective period and like the B flat major quartet it is full of contrasts which convey the impression of intense conflict. Conflict seems to have been an essential element in Beethoven's philosophy and his music is, of course, the expression of his philosophy. True freedom was Beethoven's supreme ideal; freedom of body of mind and of soul. But such freedom demands a price; the price of pain and sorrow and can only be won by conflict.

This then is the atmosphere of the Op. 110 Sonata. Not that there is anything of pessimism in it. On the contrary, the keynote is the ultimate triumph of the soul after trial and conflict. Wilhelm Kempff, on three Decca records, realizes this to the full, and while his performance is excellent throughout he is at his very finest in his approach to and conception of the final triumphant climax. Technically my only complaint is that the left hand is a little too strong in places.

The "Violin Concerto" is a "middle-period" work, dating from 1806, and is thoroughly representative. W. R. Anderson has said that a lifetime is not too long to take to know and thoroughly enjoy the riches of such a work and in the present recording (five double and one single-sided H.M.V. records) we have the inestimable advantage of a soloist who has lived with these riches for half a century or thereabouts—Herr Kreisler. In the very first bars of the solo one can feel the breadth of ripe maturity, and this far outweighs a few minor technical flaws. It is good to have this re-recording now, for it can hardly be expected that Kreisler will

be able to extract such full and rich tone from his instrument throughout its whole compass for very much longer. John Barbirolli and the London Philharmonic Orchestra are admirable partners to Herr Kreisler.

The last of the new Beethoven recordings is the " Romance in G, Op. 40," played by Zimbalist and the Japanese Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra, conducted by N. Shiferblatt (one Columbia record). This is not a good record. The music is as poor as anything Beethoven ever wrote, and while Zimbalist plays very well I hope I shall not upset the comity of nations by saying frankly that the accompaniment is desperately wooden and pedestrian.

SHORTER NOTICES

AMONG THE other new records are symphonies by Haydn and Mozart. Both are in the key of B. flat major, and here the similarity of the two recordings ends. The performance of Haydn's " No. 102 " by Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (three H.M.V. records) is percussive, where that of Mozart's " K. 319 " by Edwin Fischer's Chamber Orchestra (three H.M.V. records) is persuasive. Both are fine in their way, but I should have preferred more finesse and delicacy from the Boston Orchestra.

Sir Thomas Beecham has done it again ! This time his choice is the Overture to " The Merry Wives of Windsor " (one Columbia record). The playing is crystal clear and though the interpretation is somewhat unorthodox and individual, it happens to suit my taste to perfection.

Lastly, there is a fascinating novelty on three Decca records. It is called " At the Court of Frederick the Great " and is a little play with music based upon the well-known visit of Bach to Frederick the Great at Potsdam. We get some flute playing, of course, followed by some harpsichord music by C. P. E. Bach, a Telemann quartet and a viola da gamba solo of C. F. Abel, all of which lead up to the arrival of " Old Bach " and his fugal improvisation on a theme suggested by King Frederick. This is an admirable piece of imaginative work. The music is provided by the Ensemble Musica Antiqua.

W. A. CHISLETT.

Literary Supplement

THE CROWNING OF THE SOVEREIGN. By JOCELYN PERKINS. *Methuen.* 5*s.*
THE CORONATION BOOK. By WILLIAM LE HARDY. *Hardy and Reckitt.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE AUTHOR of *The Crowning of the Sovereign* is Sacrist of Westminster Abbey, a position which obviously renders him better able to write about the forthcoming Coronation than many who have already done so. Dr. Perkins has been eminently successful in producing a book which will tell the ordinary reader all that he or she will wish to know on May the twelfth. There are a few misprints: the Marmion family never reached the rank of Earl (p. 80), nor did Sir Peter Burrell (p. 72); and Mr. Maguire, of the Ingoldsby Legends, was christened Barney, not Blarney. A more important point is that the Dukes of Norfolk have not been Earl Marshal "ever since June 29, 1483 . . . with scarcely a break," for the office was conferred, among others, on the Duke of Suffolk in 1524 and on the Earl of Essex in 1592. Moreover, during the greater part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was put in commission, while the Dukes of Norfolk were attainted and disgraced from 1572 on. Dr. Perkins describes successively the history of the Coronation and of the Abbey, the Regalia and Thrones which are used and the Ministers and Officers who officiate. He then gives the form and order of the crowning of King George V. and concludes with a most attractive section in which he reprints accounts of previous ceremonies. The Coronations of Charles I. and Charles II. are described by D'Ewes and Pepys, and those of George III. George IV., William IV., and Victoria by James Heming, Lord Macaulay, Miss Lascelles and the late Sir William St. John Hope respectively. It is obvious throughout that Dr. Perkins has studied his subject widely and profoundly; it is worth while reading this book if only to see what accidents and misadventures can occur at what should be a carefully prepared ceremony. Who would have imagined that Queen Victoria's ring was made for the wrong finger, and that soap and water had to be produced to ease her agony when the Archbishop had rightly placed it on her fourth and not her little finger? Those who wish to find out more about the story and nature of this ancient rite, or to follow the service itself, if it is broadcast, should discover all that they require in Dr. Perkins' book.

Messrs Hardy and Reckitt are, I believe, newcomers to the world of publishing, and their first effort, *The Coronation Book*, deserves every congratulation. Here is a brief but accurate survey of the history and ritual of the Coronation accompanied by charming reproductions of previous ceremonies. In particular the Coronation processions of Charles II. and James II. are admirably used as

a headpiece to each page. The illustrations of the Regalia in the endpapers are not so attractive as those in the text; in particular, that of the Spoon for the Anointing does not do justice to one of the very few remaining mediaeval regalia. As a record of a great event this book is at once inexpensive and well produced.

MICHAEL MACLAGAN

PEASANT AND PRINCE. By GLORNEY BOLTON. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE BOOK opens with sketchy descriptions of four viceroyalties, beginning with that of the late Lord Reading. The first seventy-eight pages are devoted to an undue emphasis on two words, namely, "gestures" and "imagination", both of which Mr. Bolton thinks have been sadly lacking in Great Britain's administration of India. The sound of the word "gestures", is by now a little too familiar to those of us who have followed with concern, dismay, and even despair, the policy that successive British Governments have pursued in foreign affairs in the last seventeen years. As for "imagination", we seriously suspect Mr. Bolton of having drawn on his own imagination for his facts.

As for example, in writing of the Indian boycott of British goods, he repeats time and again that if one nation did not want to buy from another, it just would not. True. But in the first place, by no stretch of imagination can the heterogeneous population of India be called a nation. In the second place, the boycott was organized by certain agitators who had their own axe to grind. In the third place, fanatical dupes and ignorant hirelings were employed to run the movement. And, in the fourth place, it had for its driving force coercion and intimidation. It did assume a threatening aspect because Lord Irwin, as the present Lord Halifax was then known, was all for making "gestures". Moreover, in the Viceroy who succeeded him India had a more practical philosopher, and under Lord Willingdon's firm but none the less sympathetic rule it met with a speedy death.

Mr. Bolton persistently uses the word "intellectuals" for the half-baked, vociferating B.A.'s of India. That is a misuse of the English language. In another place he states that the British have not increased the national wealth of India. A statement of this kind is too patently fallacious to need further comment.

Next, Mr. Bolton gives a fragmentary description of a few principal Indian Princes and their States. And the rest of the book is conveniently used as a peg on which the author hangs his own views on extraneous matters such as his admiration of the Soviet Administration in Russia; the desirability of returning her

pre-War colonies to Germany; censure of Britain's decision to rearm and an advocacy of pacifism.

The author of *Peasant and Prince* also obliges the reader with some of his own prophecies, one of which, concerning the Congress's acceptance of office, turns out wrong scarcely before the printer's ink is dry.

Nevertheless there is one very telling observation Mr. Bolton makes on page 142 for which he must be congratulated and which may best be given in his own words. " . . . Governing India ", he observes, " from a city six thousand miles from her shores must necessarily involve many errors in psychological discernment ". This, we suggest, is equally true when it comes to writing a book on India from as great a distance. And had Mr. Bolton only kept in mind the wisdom of his own dictum when he settled down to write, he perhaps would not have expended all his energy in holding up to ridicule an administrative achievement so singularly bright that—all said and done—it deserves praise as well as admiration from Briton and Indian alike. K. K. LALKAKA.

I Speak of Germany. By Norman Hillson. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

IN THESE days when anyone who wears a collar and tie, or says his prayers, or who objects to being butchered to make an Anarcho-Syndicalist holiday, is in a number of countries immediately stamped as an obviously " brutal Fascist," it is rare to find a defence of a totalitarian state appearing on the bookstalls. The Italy of 1937 may be a proud and united nation, where fifteen years ago she was demoralized and the prey to chaos, anarchy and bloodshed. The resurgent Germany of 1937 may keep the nerves of the Foreign Ministers of Europe on stretch with her moral and material rearmament where four years before she was disregarded and riven with internal dissension and economic misery. All this, however, only adds another to the long list of the crimes of Fascism—that of being successful.

Mr. Norman Hillson's book is a courageous statement of the other side of the popular picture. He travelled in search of the new Germany and found it in labour camps, in workmen's allotments while watching the vast organization of the Winter-Help relief fund at work, and in the spirit of optimism born of national reawakening and bred in ordered conditions.

As a result of his investigations Mr. Hillson does not attempt to hide his sympathy for National-Socialist Germany as compared with the pre-Nazi Germany he knew so well. His object is to show that the Germany of to-day is not entirely peopled with

monsters and to make a case for an Anglo-German understanding.

He girds, and rightly so, at those " who saw nothing but good in Germany when she was threatened by Communist revolution and now finds a well-governed Germany the invention of the devil," and at those who would have us go to war to-morrow for the *beaux yeux* of MM. Stalin and Blum in the name of peace and anti-Fascism.

Mr. Hillson believes that it is not too late for a better understanding with Germany, and that the long subservience of the British Foreign Office to the ends of the Quai d'Orsay may not always remain as absolute as it is to-day.

Others may not share his optimism. Unfortunately time does not wait on the cumbersome complacency of democratic governments. Had it been admitted, in the nineteen-twenties, that the Versailles Treaty was iniquitous Europe would never have seen Hitler in the Wilhelmplatz. Concessions which would have been statesmanlike in 1933 look like yielding to pressure in 1937. The German temperament, too, does not always help. There are many advocates in favour of returning Germany part of her colonial possessions. There are few in favour of appearing to do so at the point of the pistol.

Mr. Hillson's book should do the cause of Anglo-German understanding a good turn. It is a cause which at the moment stands in need of such.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

ANNE. By Neville Connell. *Thornton Butterworth.* 15*s.*

THIS IS a straightforward and competent biography of its subject, for the author sticks to his theme from the first page to the last, and resists the temptation to stray from the broad highway. He has been at pains to consult the relevant authorities, both primary and secondary, and the result is a reasonably lifelike portrait of Anne. There are one or two slips: St. John was Secretary at War, not Secretary of State for War; the Churchills came from Dorset, not Devon; but these are small points. Where there is ground for criticism is in the amount of space given to the background of the period. If the book is meant for the general reader, it is too condensed; if it is for the specialist, then much might have been omitted. For the " debunking " of the Churchills there can be nothing but praise.

Mr. Connell, without ever suppressing the truth, has done his best for Anne, and he has shown that she was not the puppet which she has so often been represented. It would have been

better for her reputation had such been the case. She was an ungracious, narrow-minded woman, liable to sudden fits of panic when she was capable of acts of the blackest ingratitude, as in her desertion of her father, and her dismissal of Godolphin. As for her relations with her sister and brother-in-law there is little to choose between the parties in point of double-dealing. Anne's reputation has been saved by the great men who served her, and made her reign glorious in English history: otherwise, for all the ability she herself possessed, it would have been as dismal as that of Mary Tudor.

The author has tantalizingly little to say about the Queen's attitude towards the succession. What were the orders she gave to the Bishop of London which made him say, "Madam, I will obey your commands, but they will cost me my head." If those really were his words, they can only have meant that Ormonde was to proclaim James III. Mr. Connell mentions at least one letter from her brother which she left unanswered, but there may well have been others to which she sent replies, now lost. The history of what happened at Kensington during those last days of July, 1714, is very obscure: all that seems certain is that the Queen and Bolingbroke were equally at sea; the former with more excuse, for she was dying.

Anne's reign was a turning-point in English history from whatever angle it is regarded, but the Queen was blissfully ignorant of the fact. She never seems to have made up her mind whether she was on the throne by hereditary right or by Act of Parliament. and her attitude towards her ministers was sometimes that of Elizabeth and sometimes that of Victoria. In fine, she was a woman first, and a monarch afterwards: with the four other Queens of England in their own right, the position was reversed.

CHARLES PETRIE.

THE FLYING WASP. ESSAYS ON THE MODERN THEATRE. BY SEAN O'CASEY. *Macmillan.* 6s.

MR. O'CASEY has produced a vigorous and controversial book of essays on a subject which has of late years suffered from the comparative lack of controversy investing it. Mr. O'Casey has much that is not too complimentary to say about various eminent and well-known critics like Mr. Agate and Mr. Ervine; but as these gentlemen are themselves no mean controversialists, there is no harm in this. The more people feel about the theatre to-day and the more vigorously they put forward their point of view the better it is likely to be for the theatre. Mr. O'Casey's book, therefore, can

be welcomed as a vigorous expression of opinion coming from one with a passionate belief in the theatre and its mission.

The gist of Mr. O'Casey's argument is that the theatre to-day does not play the real and satisfactory part in national life which it did in Shakespeare's day and might again. It is certainly true that the taste of the theatre-going public to-day is not very high. Far too many of the plays which are to be seen in London at any given moment are concerned exclusively with trivialities. This would not matter so much if good plays dealing with more important subjects—what, in short, are sometimes called the "plays of ideas"—were able also to command a place in the theatre. Unfortunately, it is becoming increasingly difficult for good plays to achieve presentation, or, having achieved presentation, to command support. It is, of course, impossible to compel people to go to the theatre. But it is inconceivable that the theatrical taste of the public can be as low as would appear from the attitude of some of those whose duty it is to purvey plays to them. If the theatre and those connected with it showed corporately a higher interpretation of the theatrical art they would not lack for a public response to it. Too many of them, unfortunately, would appear to have adopted a defeatist attitude towards the question. And that is the complaint which Mr. O'Casey with brilliant invective and considerable wit makes in the 200 pages of his small book.

It is not for a moment to be supposed that I am in agreement with all Mr. O'Casey's strictures on dramatists and critics. There are some considerable dramatists whom he does not condescend to mention; and others of the popular dramatists whom he depreciates do not really deserve all the scorn which he pours upon them. Again, it is difficult to have much faith in the judgment of a writer who appears to have a high opinion of Toller's *No More Peace*. It would be interesting to make Mr. O'Casey give a detailed explanation of how he comes to prefer this to some of the plays which he so witheringly blasts in the pages of his book. Perhaps it is just another instance that one man's meat is another's bane, a maxim of which Mr. O'Casey has consistently lost sight in the pages of his book.

Personally, however, I never expect to agree with a book of criticism in its entirety. If it is stimulating, provocative of thought and discussion, and its generalities are fortified with specific evidence, I am, on the whole, satisfied. If, in addition to that, I find a considerable amount with which to agree, I am very pleased. And that is why I like Mr. O'Casey's book.

DEREK WALKER-SMITH.

VICTORIAN ART IN INDUSTRY : 1851 AND THE CRYSTAL PALACE. By CHRISTOPHER HOBHOUSE. *John Murray.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

TO-DAY THERE is a growing vogue for everything Victorian, and pieces of Victorian furniture which an earlier generation would have banished to the attic are now being enthroned in the drawing-room. Mr. Hobhouse's diligent and witty book on the great exhibition of 1851 is symptomatic of this reviving interest, but unlike many other commentators, he does not make the mistake of over-estimating the importance of mid-Victorian styles. In this study of how the Crystal Palace came to be built, and how Prince Albert worked with unremitting Teutonic zeal to bring about its success, Mr. Hobhouse shows us the good points of the Exhibition as well as the bad.

One of the tragedies of the Victorians was that their ideals were high, but the execution of them rarely came up to the standard at which they aimed. As Mr. Hobhouse indicates, the Committee, when planning the Exhibition of 1851, endeavoured to give a living picture of the point of development of taste at which they had arrived, and give a new starting point from which all nations would be able to direct their future exertions. " It aimed at bringing international peace, and it aimed to improve taste " . . . but as the author comments when the exhibition had closed and Paxton's building, which was of a remarkably fine design and had been admired by millions, the actual exhibition had achieved very little . . . it remained just a glorious show.

For anyone interested in Victoriana, this is an admirable book. It contains a detailed account of how the great Exhibition was planned : how Paxton's unusual design of glass and metal was at last accepted in face of great opposition ; and it contains a very complete account of all the different samples of furniture, glass and fabrics, as well as machinery exhibited at the Show. Moreover, the book is illustrated with a series of remarkably interesting contemporary prints and drawings, but even Mr. Hobhouse's enthusiasm and industry cannot convince me that from an æsthetic point of view we have much to learn from the great Exhibition of 1851. Admittedly, it was a heroic attempt to achieve some kind of contemporary taste, but I am afraid that to-day its chief interest is that of a museum piece rather than that of a new source of inspiration.

DEREK PATMORE.

THE HONEYSUCKLE AND THE BEE : REMINISCENCES. By SIR JOHN SQUIRE. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THIS BOOK, the informal prelude to more formal Memoirs, is the story of a walk from London to Devonshire, of adventures in

hotels and taverns and on the roads, and of the thoughts which came to Sir John Squire during the journey. These random thoughts are the most interesting part of the book, because Sir John has travelled widely, has met all manner of people and has been interested in all manner of things. In middle age he is already a Figure, with as wide a circle of friends as a man can have, drawn from a dozen different worlds. The charm of the book lies in its inconsequence, and in the casual way in which varied learning is thrown out conversationally. There is all the material for a score of highbrow discourses, but Sir John can be turned from the contemplation of beautifully bound first editions by a remark about a jockey, and would never resent the interruption of a discussion on Baudelaire by a music-hall song. There is poetry in the book, particularly when Sir John is remembering the beauty, the dignity and the leisure of the England which ended in 1914. There is any amount of humour. But above all there is that large humanity which every one of the author's friends has so long admired in him.

Sir John Squire is a man who responds to all moods in all kinds of people. He is an excellent talker, but as good a listener, and he puts into practice Chesterton's maxim about not only suffering fools gladly but enjoying them tremendously. Yet it is clear from this book that there are two things which he likes above all else, and which are growing rarer—first-rate poetry, and contact with a cultured mind—using cultured in the old sense, and not in the new sense of narrow specialization or of mere American cheapjack accumulation of tabloid knowledge. He breathes his native air when he meets a scholar of the type of Saintsbury, who knows that the appreciation of good wine, good architecture, good painting goes with the appreciation of good literature. But he loves also all the rich and robust life of the race-course. And his reminiscences are an introduction to these universal interests of his. He is happy with the gourmet, Mr. Horace Vachell, in a manor-house in the West Country, happy with an old cricketer in a public-house in Hampshire, happy as he shares a meal with a tramp in a wood, happy in the memory of concerts, of fishing, of shooting, of sailing.

Since his memory is so retentive I wish he had rescued more of Murray Allison's stories from oblivion, and by an obvious slip he misnames the title of Allison's book of short stories. It was called *It Never Rains*. And I hope there will be more about that remarkable man in a much longer book of Sir John's memories.

J. B. MORTON.

PURCELL. By J. A. WESTRUP. *Dent.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

SIBELIUS: A CLOSE-UP. By BENGT DE TÖRNE. *Faber & Faber.* 6*s.*

MR. WESTRUP has accomplished a difficult task with conspicuous—even brilliant success. On the first page of his book one is reminded that "A life of Henry Purcell is of necessity a slender record. His contemporaries have left us abundant evidence of the esteem and admiration in which he was held as a composer. . . . But these generous tributes, illuminating as they are, tell us little about the man." It is a sad commentary that nearly two hundred and fifty years after his death no one had attempted a comprehensive and authoritative survey of the life and art of the greatest English composer of all time. Such is the case, however, and Mr. Westrup had no option but to undertake arduous research and tribute must be paid to his scholarship, his industry and his patience. Students will find the copious footnotes giving the sources of information one of the most valuable features of this book.

No less successful is Mr. Westrup in piecing together and presenting in attractively readable form the results of his researches. One would like to say much about the building up of a reasonably comprehensive biography from sketchy fragments; the appreciation of Purcell's music, sacred and secular, vocal and instrumental, and the extremely useful series of appendices, but lack of space forbids. Congratulations must, however, be tendered to the author for his chapter headed "Style and Development," which might well have the sub-heading of "A De-bunking." For far too long has Purcell been spoken of as a "champion of native art" and a "typically English composer." He is much more. He is of international stature and significance. It is easy to trace folk-song influences in his art, and obviously a setting of English words will have a flavour different from that of a French or Italian song, but on his last page Mr. Westrup sums up the true position admirably when he says: "In art as in religion we are apt to discover what we hope to find, to judge the source by the extent to which it supplies our own thirst. What no one will fail to find in Purcell at his best is a spring of life, a vitality that glows with the effort of the whole man. To listen is to share an experience, to catch some of his flaming fire, to have a part in his aching regret. He was a man of changing moods and sympathies, ready to boast, to worship, to sigh and to lament. He could bid the trumpets sound for majesty, or seeking flight from love's sickness find the fever in himself."

Publishers are not often guilty of undervaluing their wares, but in suggesting that if this volume had not been secured for the

"Master Musician" series, it might have been issued at a much higher price, Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons do themselves no more than bare justice. It is one of the cheapest books ever published.

Quite different is *Sibelius*: *A Close-Up*. It is a slim volume, less than one third the length of Mr. Westrup's *Purcell*, and even so is by no means free from padding. Nevertheless Bengt de Törne adds considerably to our knowledge of a great composer. Having the enviable distinction of being Sibelius's only pupil, and desiring to play Boswell to the Dr. Johnson of his Master, Mr. de Törne is most interesting when recording the composer's views and opinions. Sibelius on orchestration is of particular interest and value.

The author's English is not perfect. For instance, he refers to "quavers," on the kettledrum when he means "rolls," but in no case are his mistakes likely to be misleading to a careful reader.

W. A. CHISLETT.

THEATRE. By SOMERSET MAUGHAM. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
MAIDEN CASTLE. By JOHN COUPER POWYS. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
WE ARE NOT ALONE. By JAMES HILTON. *Macmillan.* 6*s.*
THE BLIND FOR SACRIFICE. By JOHN OWEN. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE READABILITY of everything Mr. Maugham writes is quite compelling. A master of the art of seduction—of his readers by his own narrative skill and of his characters by one another—he could, if necessary, construct an eternal triangle out of a crocodile, a pillar-box, and a Chelsea pensioner. *Theatre* is not one of his best novels, indeed I think it is very likely one of the worst he has written for many years, but its technical excellence in all departments, especially suspense, makes it very easy to enjoy and very difficult to criticize. My own contention is that Julia, the famous actress of real talent; her paper, not even cardboard, chartered accountant lover, her eunuchoid actor-manager husband, to say nothing of her son, have no real vitality; that Mr. Maugham has cunningly saved himself the emotion which he would have had to spend on an act of creation, performing instead an onanistic feat of supreme literary virtuosity. It is difficult to illustrate this contention, however, because the inevitable stage artificiality makes the unreality of the characters seem logical. And it really doesn't matter so much, anyway, for the book is so brilliantly entertaining that you could read it for breakfast on the morning of your execution. It is unnecessary to say that the stage background is done in perfect detail; the dialogue, however, of some of the love scenes is distinctly out-of-date, and I would advise Mr. Maugham to put in some keyhole work, because I know how he hates to be out of touch

with modern youth. The story itself—Julia's love affair with Tom, a dumb snob, but *so* sexy; the sudden friendship between Tom and Julia's son; Julia's fiendishly expert sabotage of the stage career of the young actress with whom Tom imagines himself to be in love—is somewhat reminiscent of Maupassant. The end—Julia and Tom beginning rather drearily to set out once again on their dismal love affair—is very much the same trick of hyper-probability as Mr. Maugham used to end *The Painted Veil*. The book stands or falls by the character of Julia herself, but Mr. Maugham presents the familiar and perhaps rather banal view of a great actress as somebody who plays so many parts that she has no personality left of her own; and thus he cleverly avoids the task of character creation.

I went to Dorset at Easter, and looked at Maiden Castle, the huge Celtic earthwork outside Dorchester after which Mr. Powys names his new novel. It is no accident that Mr. Powys who, judging by his novels, has a mystical tendency towards pantheism, or a pantheistical tendency towards mysticism, whichever you prefer, should choose to write about Dorset. Both the countryside and the natives have qualities which it is very easy to translate into terms such as " ancient " or " pagan." I had decided to abstain from the silly and obvious sport of Powys mocking—let's leave all that kind of thing to Beachcomber and Stella Gibbons—but on opening *Maiden Castle* I found that Mr. Powys had led off with a parody of himself. As I pointed out two years ago, when reviewing *Jobber Skald*, there is a curious dreamlike quality about the novels of Mr. Powys; to discuss them adequately one would have to write a fair-sized psychopathological treatise; I will be content with pointing out a few features which any psychopathologist would notice immediately. Almost all the characters suffer from obsessional symptoms, the kind of mental activity which psychiatrists describe as ideas of reference, is very marked in all of them; each novel as a whole seems to be supported by an all-inclusive mystico-metaphysical-philosophical *system*. *Maiden Castle* is no exception. Dud No-Man, Teucer-Wye, Wizzie Ravelston, Thuska and Eusan Gwirm, are all half dotty and yet curiously impressive. Mr. Powys has great creative vitality; it is a tragedy that he writes so clumsily. *Maiden Castle* seemed to me to show very considerable falling-off, as compared with *A Glastonbury Romance* and *Jobber Skald*.

We Are Not Alone is about a little quiet country doctor with a touch of medical genius, a love of music, a most preposterously awful wife, and a neurotic child. The little doctor attends a young

German girl dancing at the local theatre, who has tried to commit suicide. He takes her into his household, and makes her governess to the little boy. His wife raises hell and swallows—so we learn later, a dose of poison accidentally mixed for her by her neurotic child. Little doctor and German girl are hanged. Mr. Hilton has done it, as usual, very prettily and very sentimentally. I believe that if he were disciplined by a realist he might write very well. But he makes so much money writing sweetly and thoughtfully for middlebrows that this is not very likely to happen.

The Blind for Sacrifice belongs to the down-on-the-farm section, midway between the Doreen Wallace and the more intense, mature school. Its heroine is a farm worker who has a beautiful voice, and uses it—unconsciously at first—to fascinate her employer's son, Ezra. It is written carefully, and I've read many worse.

MAURICE RICHARDSON.

SHORTER NOTICES

GREECE'S ANATOLIAN VENTURE AND AFTER. By A. A. Pallis. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A CAREFUL and well-documented study of one of the lesser-known activities arising out of the Great War. Mr. Pallis has given a clear account of the Greek expedition to Asia Minor, and presents us with a careful analysis of the motives at work and the results arising out of it. It is not a book for the million, but for those interested in the Near East it fills an important chapter with authority.

THE STRANGE HISTORY OF LORD GEORGE GORDON. By Percy Colson. *Robert Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

ANYONE WHO has read *Barnaby Rudge* cannot fail to be attracted by a biography of Lord George Gordon. Mr. Colson has written a very entertaining life of this strange eighteenth-century character. The authorities are perhaps a little sketchy and sources are not always quoted; but for the general reader this is a stimulating account, which presents the atmosphere of the eighteenth century in an authentic manner.

THE WAR OFFICE AT WAR. By Sir Sam Fay. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

THIS IS the account of Sir Sam Fay who became, during the War, Director General of Movements and Railways at the War Office. He has necessarily much that is interesting to say about the management of the War Office during those critical years.

As a civilian in high station he was perhaps, too, in a good position to form an opinion on the conflicting claims of soldiers and politicians in those years.

DREYFUS. By Pierre Dreyfus. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

THE DREYFUS CASE seems to lose nothing of its perennial interest with the passage of years. Here we have it all again from the pen of his son with an interesting collection of letters from Dreyfus, from his wife, Zola and others. The book is readable enough to those sufficiently interested to follow the story in such detail, but it would have benefited with a larger margin and print which would have given it a less cramped appearance.

PLAYING FIELDS. By Eric Parker. *Philip Allan.* 5*s.*

ANOTHER PUBLIC school story, which should prove of interest to the considerable public who enjoy novels on adolescence. Despite a slightly ingenuous style, Mr. Parker has written a very interesting account of school life and those who people it. The print is much too small and there is insufficient margin.

THE BACHELOR OF ARTS. By R. K. Narayan. *Nelson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THIS IS a novel of an Indian student at the university. This somewhat unusual theme is attractively treated, and Messrs. Nelson are to be congratulated on producing a novel with print and margin of a quality to attract rather than repel the eye.

GOLDEN PEACOCK. By Gertrude Atherton. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MRS. ATHERTON has written her new novel about the Augustan age of Rome which seems to attract a good deal of literary attention these days. Mrs. Atherton is an accomplished writer and has filled the setting with a story which excites interest and holds the attention of the reader.

MONDAY'S A LONG DAY. By Marjorie Booth. *Duckworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MISS BOOTH has taken as her subject an office staff which gets a day off. She has made an interesting story, which is pleasantly written, and well produced by Messrs. Duckworth.

Correspondence

To the Editor, *English Review.*

SIR—May I congratulate you on your excellent comments in the April ENGLISH REVIEW on the recent L.C.C. Elections? As a somewhat battered candidate—Shoreditch was my destiny—it is refreshing to read that there are others of the younger men in the field who saw the various problems in much the same light as myself.

I would only comment on one of the statements you make. In Shoreditch, as well as in two other East End Boroughs, we had the issue somewhat further complicated by the presence of Fascist candidates. In your notes you write that "The support which these candidates won for their unfashionable policy of 'Britain First' was won exclusively from the ranks of the working classes." My experience has convinced me that it was not the working-class vote that the Fascists secured. I take it that by "working class" you mean the ordinary rank and file member of the Labour Party. In Shoreditch, at any rate, I can assure you that the 2,000 odd Fascists votes were culled from the Right, and not the Left. It happened this way. After weeks of vilifying, anti-Semitic propaganda throughout the Borough, the small trader (hardly to be classified as "working class") was personally canvassed by the indefatigable Blackshirts who reiterated the platform points of "Jewish competition in trade," "Cut-price Stores" and "Sunday trading." The cautious, conservative instincts of this section of Shoreditch opinion were roused sufficiently to deviate a usual loyalty to the Right, and produce a vote for a new and untried departure on the Right. I was clear in my own mind when the Fascists put up that, despite my supporters' optimism that the Labour vote would be split and that our party would slip in through the back door, *our* votes would be stolen, and not the Socialists.

The converse, of course, should be mentioned. Hundreds of Jews and Jewesses who, in the ordinary way, would have either not voted, or voted anti-Socialist, turned out and voted Labour to keep out the Fascists "at any price."

I do not know whether you think this point is worth enlarging upon: if so, I should be happy to give you more data.

Yours, etc.,

ROGER S. FALK.

To the Editor, *English Review.*

SIR—"*Quos vult Jupiter perdere prius dementat.*"

Two years ago I drove down to Salisbury Plain to see the Southern Command pay its tribute to the beloved father of our present King.

It was my sad privilege to see my son's sword gleaming in the thin spring sunshine as he rode past with his battery. As we drove home my wife and I wondered if it was not the last time that he would draw it, for his brigade was already ear-marked for mechanization and we had that day seen a once-famous cavalry regiment go past in drab-coloured stink-boxes with the officers waving tiny flags out of conning towers like children off for the day to Margate.

Last Sunday the smug, anonymous voice of the B.B.C. announcer told us, sandwiched in between the results of the Belgian elections and other internationalist items, that many valuable lives had been thrown away in the Shahur Tangi.

Since then our emasculated Indian administration has declared that it is to launch a punitive expedition.

Those tangled barren hills from the Black Mountain to Fort Sandeman are the only school left to an over-civilized race where our soldiers can meet reality, and from these bloodthirsty, savage hillmen we can at least re-learn what love of country means.

If it is our dubious boast that we are now a race of tradesmen and that London is the financial hub of the universe, have we no Hebrew peer of the Realm nor Governor of the Bank of England to suggest to the tired member for Bewdley and his Cabinet that it would save us some of our dividends and might even enable us to build another great lunatic asylum if he would forego the punitive expedition and, instead, remove from office the crazy theorists who believe that aeroplanes and armoured cars can replace the officers and men who used to be the wardens of the marches along the tribal border.

Yours faithfully,

H. HOLDERNESS,
Colonel, Indian Army (Retired).

The Old Rectory,
Kirkby Underwood, Bourne, Lincolnshire.

To the Editor, *English Review*.

SIR—As illness has hitherto prevented my perusal of your last three truly splendid numbers, I trust you will not consider the following (or parts thereof) too late for publication.

Like many others, Major Daniel seems to imagine that Franco-German warfare originated in 1870, whereas it began in 1552, and has consisted of an unending series of aggressions—by France. He forgets also that the latter's eastern provinces were all taken from Germany, and that French armies poured unceasingly over the German frontiers during the wars of 1552 (when they seized Metz, Toul and Verdun), 1630–48 (the latter half of the Thirty Years'

War, which would have been a seventeen years' war, but for the meddling of Richelieu, who then filched most of Alsace), 1667, 1670, 1674–8 (when the Pfalz was first devastated), 1679-1681 (when Louis XIV took Strassburg by treachery), 1688–97 (when the last shreds of Alsace were stolen, and the Pfalz still more savagely devastated), 1702–13, 1733–6, 1741–8, 1756–63, 1792–7 (when a well-known and infamous phrase was first used—by General Laval, who in 1794 reported to Paris: "We continue to lay waste the rich country of our enemies; *we only leave them eyes to weep with*"), 1799–01, 1803–5, 1806–7, 1809, 1813–14, and 1870. For the last-named, Deschanel's *Life of Gambetta* should be consulted. The ex-President admits that Napoleon III wished to annex the left bank of the Rhine, and asked Prussia to cede the same as far as Mainz. When refused, he asked for Belgium and Luxemburg, and being again refused, decided on war, and took the first chance of declaring it.

The above dates speak for themselves, but are rendered still more significant when it is noted that German forces during the same period entered France but thrice, viz., in 1792 (to assist Louis XVI), in 1815 (with their English and Russian allies), and in 1870 (to drive back the invading armies of Napoleon III).

Can any sane man, realizing these facts, presume to question Carlyle's dictum: "No nation ever had so bad a neighbour as Germany has had in France for the last 400 years, bad in all manner of ways—insolent, rapacious, insatiable, unappeasable, continually aggressive."

As for the last war, I can only say that those who know most of its making, blame Germany least.

In conclusion, may I suggest that Major Daniel should acquaint himself with the letters, etc., of such men as Carlyle, Arnold of Rugby, Charles Kingsley, Professor Huxley, Sir Robert Morier, whose erudite opinions differed vastly from the superficial nonsense which passes for knowledge nowadays. Also, if he wishes to discover the reason for Germany's large forces, let me recommend the purchase of a map of Europe and Asia—wherewith he may study the respective positions and sizes of France, Russia and the Reich.

With many compliments.

I am, yours faithfully,

H. HALDANE.

Northenden, Wythenshawe, Cheshire.